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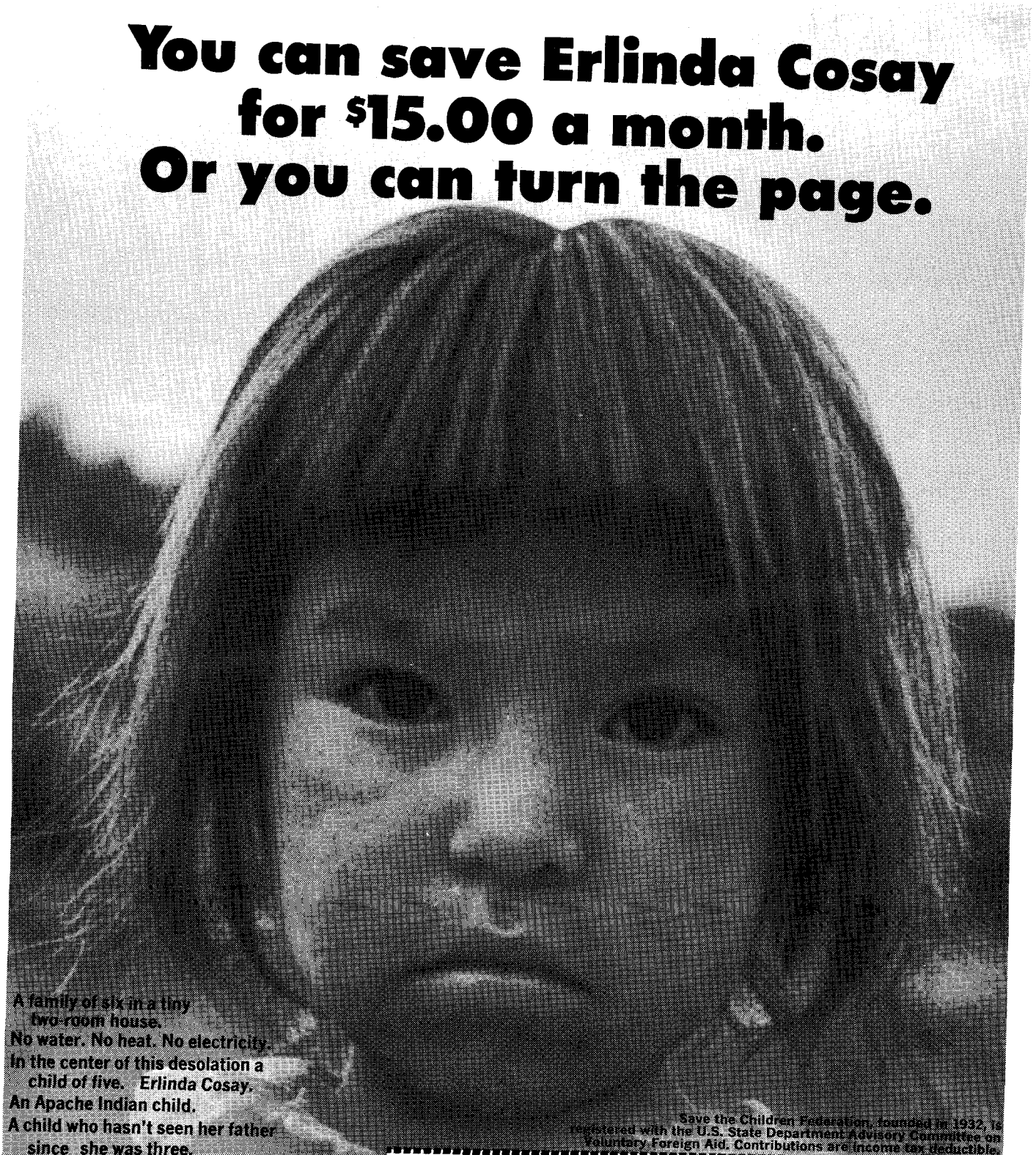

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An Apache Indian child.
A child who hasn't seen her father since she was three.
A child who must travel three miles a day to and from school.
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Erlinda needs your help so she can help herself.
And through Save the Children Federation you can give her that help.
For $15.00 a month you can sponsor an American Indian child like Erlinda.
So that there can be electricity in the house instead of kerosene.
So that there can be an electric stove and heating instead of wood.
So that Erlinda can have a new dress. And books.
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SEPTEMBER 1971

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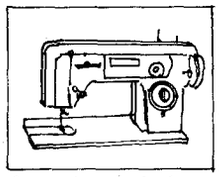

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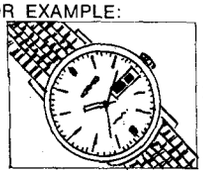

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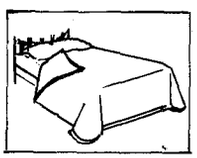

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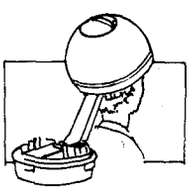

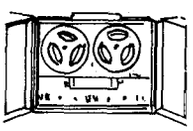

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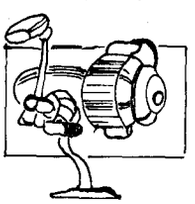

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TRB

from Washington ®

24,000,000 Guns

On page 13 of the annual report of the FBI on "Crime in the US: 1970" is a chart on "forcible rape." This offense has increased 95 percent in 10 years, the report says. Other violent crimes – robbery, aggravated assault, murder – have skyrocketed in proportion in the decade. Their lines are almost vertical on the charts and look like trajectories of lethal missiles.

Violent crime last year alone increased 11 percent. The administration made a big play about bringing crime under control in the 1968 campaign, and seems a little uncomfortable about it now, but hopeful. This is one of the problems it is solving, like the economy. Attorney General Mitchell in releasing the FBI report said he found "encouragement" that the crime increase is at "a slower rate than in 1969." Inflation is going down, too.

The annual crime story is soon forgotten by the press. That is, by everybody but the women who don't dare walk the streets at night (and more and more men), by the poor folks in the ghetto where the crime is worse, by the police who are badgered by politicians to water down their crime figures so as not to give the town a bad name, by those who get robbed or shot or raped, and by the anguished observers of the native scene who believe that nothing so delights Commies, so humiliates friends, so debases the image of our beloved country as its unique pistol-packing lawlessness.

Sometimes I think Americans like crime. Of course they say not. But doesn't crime show a restless, energetic pioneer spirit? We don't take easily to authority, do we? Doesn't refusal by America alone among big nations to enact an effective gun law show a certain lively independence, a virility? Isn't the handgun a sex symbol among American males which makes them irrationally support the efforts of the National Rifle Association gun lobby to blackmail timid congressmen, who hope that perhaps political assassination is over for a while? Well, maybe it is. Or maybe we must kill two more Presidents before Congress controls the 24,000,000 handguns now loose in the nation.

It isn't that we haven't been told what to do about crime. For what it's worth, there have been four prestigious presidential commissions in the last few years – the Katzenbach, Kerner, Eisenhower and Scranton studies – dealing respectively with crime, riots, violence and unrest, and all four stressing the same thing, that the primary need in fighting crime is getting at the underlying roots of antisocial behavior, particularly poverty.

But Mr. Nixon doesn't believe in that. "We cannot explain away crime in this country by charging it off to poverty," he declared as a candidate in 1968. Looking around he said, "All over the country we see a rising tide of crime." He blamed it on Democratic laxity, coddling criminals, and the courts, from the Supreme Court down. He had a plan, he told voters: one should not "underestimate the impact that a few men of action can have upon the crime crisis in America."

Such a man, presumably, is the Attorney General. The FBI report shows that crime is rising and more cops are being killed. More than 560 were murdered in the past decade, three-quarters of them with handguns. Mayor Lindsay last month, citing the killing of nine New York City policemen so far in 1971, pleaded with Mitchell, America's top law enforcement officer, to back gun control. He didn't know his man.

Leaving a White House conference on crime control with city police chiefs the other day, Mitchell was hassled by reporters to state his position. He said he opposed new federal regulations on the sale of handguns. It's under the jurisdiction of the Treasury, he said; besides that, it's a local matter.

"We know many of the things that ought to be done, and yet they don't get done," testified former Attorney General Katzenbach (last May), who headed a crime commission under Lyndon Johnson: "Guns is one; there is no police official in the country who doesn't know that."

Well, Mitchell doesn't. He feels it's a local problem. Like New York City, maybe, which has one of the toughest gun laws in the country. Furthermore, the Federal Gun Control Act of 1968 is supposed to ban import of handguns, America's favorite murder weapon. But *The New York Times* last month quoted federal law officers as saying that the Criterion Die Machine Co. of New York City is turning out 50,000 pistols a year for itself, and another 50,000 for Valor Import Corp. of Hialeah, Florida. Imperial Metal Products, Inc. of Islip, Long Island, turns out 500,000 handguns annually, the sources said. Firearms Import Export of Miami turns out another half million. All perfectly legal. It's unlawful to import guns, you see, but not parts, and these come in and are assembled and distributed for cheap "Saturday Night Specials," as the cops call them. More handguns are being turned out in the US now than before the federal "control" law.

The 1968 Republican platform said that "lawlessness is crumbling the foundations of American society" and it urged the defeat of Democrats to stop it.

Well, one thing the administration could do would be to reform the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), started in 1968. This was to be the chosen arm of the federal government in aiding the states to fight crime. It has sent out $800 million so far. It is a form of revenue-sharing: the money is distributed with a minimum of bureaucratic reins from Washington. And it appears to be a gory mess. Back in 1970 *Reader's Digest* sent out an investigator who found it was largely a boondoggle. Rio Blanco county in Colorado used its $3045 for a snowmobile, and Union parish in Louisiana $6740 for a 20-foot outboard motorboat.

Now its work has just been reviewed again by the General Accounting Office; sample, the Indiana state police got $139,000 for an airplane, used occasionally to tote Governor Whitcomb around and to fly to Washington to pick up moon rocks for display at the state fair. Mr. Nixon didn't bother to fill the top post for a year. The new head, Jerris Leonard, doesn't like federal strings tied to handouts.

Many feel the American system of criminal justice is near breakdown, but this money doesn't go to modernize the courts, it goes for police cars and fingerprint kits. And crime increased 11 percent last year.

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By Invitation Only

Everybody in Dayton Ohio and nearby towns was invited to President Nixon's dedication speech at the $5.7 million Air Force museum on the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Everybody, that is, except persons with hair over their ears, blue jeans, bare feet, tennis shoes, and peace buttons *and* anyone who answered "yes" to the question, "Are you from Yellow Springs?" (home of Antioch College). Teams of Air Force Police, White House Secret Servicemen and US marshals on loan from the Justice Department barred hundreds at the museum doors, dragged others from the dedication hall, and imprisoned nearly 75 persons for as long as five hours in police vans. As one young man with hair curling over his collar was shoved from the museum entrance by Air Force riot police with clubs and carbines and red tape over their nameplates, he asked why he couldn't hear the President speak: "You weren't invited," an Air Force policeman growled. But for weeks before the speech, ads advertising the Nixon visit appeared on TV and radio and in the newspapers and 300,000 handbills were passed out urging people to attend the Nixon fest. Local Republican headquarters called the whole phone book from a special bank of 25 telephones. White House aides had let Republican leaders know they wanted to see 100,000 people pouring onto Wright-Patterson Air Force Base to see the President. "It was a 'Ya'll come' affair," says an Ohio Congressman.

Instead, it was a good opportunity to see how presidential security forces operate. Cars carrying peace stickers were stopped at the base gates and searched for antiwar signs, which police confiscated. Air Force officials say normal policy forbids political signs on base, but somehow two men wearing straw hats with flags and sequins slipped by with a "We Love Nixon" banner. A local municipal policeman, whose car bumper has a peace symbol, got permission to enter the gates after he had shown the security men his badge, but they ordered his 14-year-old son to stay behind. At the museum doors, suspect persons were being turned away in droves. Riot police sporadically shoved them onto the muddy, rain-drenched fields with their clubs. "Paranoia hung in the air like humidity," the conservative *Xenia Gazette* wrote later. Even Ohio State Attorney General William Brown couldn't convince security forces at the VIP entrance to let him in. He had a telegram invitation from the White House, but he's in his 30s and has modish long hair.

Some undesirables managed to slip through the museum doors but roving security teams eventually spotted them too. United Church of Christ Rev. Ronald Ekberg, for example, is an older man with Establishment short hair, and police never suspected at first that he, his wife and his young daughter might not support the President. But after he saw what was happening to others, says Ekberg, "I was moved to put on my *Impeach Nixon* button. I was approached by three men in uniform who asked me to remove my button or leave." Ekberg says, "I refused." The police returned with three more men, including a plainclothes intelligence officer and the wing commander. According to Ekberg, "The wing commander said 'I order you to leave for security reasons.' When I refused again, he said, 'He has to go.' Six men grabbed me and dragged me by my arms and legs outside." They tore Ekberg's raincoat and shirt and broke his wristwatch, and shoved him into a police van with 70 others.

If any citizens wondered what they had done to deserve such treatment, base commander Brig. General Edmund A. Rafalko offered a ready-made answer. Police distributed hundreds of mimeographed sheets, which said: "For trespassing and disorderly conduct you are removed/barred from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base and ordered not to reenter" on penalty of six months in jail and $500 fine. Most of the detainees in the police van and in the trailer truck were told to sign confessions of trespass and disorderly conduct. Air Force police threatened that they would be arrested if they refused.

"We never intended to arrest anyone," said Col. R. W. McFadden, the base's No. 2 in command, after everybody detained had been released, "unless they had really done something." Since no one was arrested, the implication is that no one did do anything. But McFadden thought that the detention was justified: "There was a disturbance building up and we had to prevent it."

Who asked that such tactics be used? Some people remember President Nixon's 1970 congressional campaign kickoff speech in Burlington, Vermont, where National Guardsmen arbitrarily barred "undesirables" at the request, they said, of the White House. But this time, General Rafalko insists all responsibility rests with the Air Force. Rafalko does admit that the Secret Service "assisted in the planning and execution of crowd control," although Secret Service spokesman John Worner flatly denies that any Secret Serviceman actually asked people to leave, or asked other policemen to eject them. Still, numerous witnesses at the speech insist that police told them, "We're doing this on orders from the Secret Service." And base spokesman J. B. Tavender originally told the press that the Secret Service had been in complete control of the operation, although he later apologized for making "a mistake." The White House, says Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren, is "not aware" of the events.

The enraged Yellow Springs village council, which includes an air force contractor, unanimously denounced the day's events as "arbitrary and repressive," adding that "this country spent five years at war against countries which used such tactics as a

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method of governing." Some citizens of Yellow Springs and Dayton are planning a class suit charging violation of their civil rights.

But the Mayor of Fairborn, the home of Wright-Patterson, is delighted. "This is the type of event that comes to a town once in a lifetime," Duncan said. "It's one of the nicest affairs we've ever had."

Putting Off the Poor

President Nixon went on the radio Labor Day to speak to the nation on the meaning of the American "work ethic." He talked of "the dignity of work, the value of achievement, the morality of self-reliance," and he said that ". . .most of us consider it immoral to be lazy or slothful – even if a person is well off enough not to have to work, or deliberately avoids work by going on welfare." He said that in the future, there will have to be "some belt-tightening."

It is significant that twice in the speech he described welfare recipients as people who have failed to live up to the standards of his competitive morality. In the next weeks Nixon may feel compelled by political pressure to make some cuts in the budget. Welfare is a likely victim. Although he called his welfare bill (HR 1) the "number-one priority" of the administration, he has shown signs of losing enthusiasm. When he announced the wage-price freeze, the President said he will ask for another year's delay, postponing until 1973 the effective starting date of the new system. At the moment, the bill has come to a standstill in the Senate Finance Committee, where a hostile chairman, Senator Russell Long (D, La.), has threatened to make it more punitive than it is now.

If action in the states is an indication, welfare funds may soon be on the decline in every category. Although many states have increased payments this year, others – at least 15 by latest HEW count – have tried to cut back on welfare. Still others plan to lower payments for the rest of the fiscal year if the number of recipients increases. New York is one of the states which have enacted laws to reduce welfare rolls. Recipients are now required to pick up their payments in person, and those who are employable must accept public works jobs for no additional pay. The state legislature has established a one-year residency requirement and authorized a welfare "inspector general" to investigate fraud.

Should this sort of thing become trend, welfare recipients may find themselves subject to the same kinds of harassing regulations contained in Nixon's HR 1 – carried out in this case on a local level rather than by federal order.

The states desperately need the federal money promised by the new welfare bill's "hold harmless" clause, which makes HEW pay for increases in state supplements after 1971. Although it has many faults, HR 1 would take the pressure off state budgets and allow local administrators to be more equitable in distributing aid. Some critics say that this bill is so harsh that they'd rather go without any welfare reform. Judging from the President's recent remarks, they may have their way. However, if HR 1 dies in Congress as its predecessors did, the poor may find themselves suffering all of its indignities without receiving any of its beneifts.

It's Not That Easy

China and the UN

Secretary of State Rogers' announcement earlier this summer that the United States would, at the General Assembly convening September 21, "support action . . . calling for seating the Peoples Republic of China" has given the impression that the General Assembly could, if it wished, quickly and easily vote to admit the Peoples Republic and that, as a result, there would suddenly be two Chinas in the UN.

It's not that easy. Not only does the secretary's ambiguous formula ("calling for seating" rather than "to seat") avoid taking a position on the real issue – who controls the China seat in the Security Council – it ignores the Charter provisions on representation of existing members and the admission of new members to the UN.

Despite the often dramatic votes which have taken place yearly in the General Assembly, the crux of this issue is not whether the Peoples Republic sits in the Assembly. What we are seeing now is the final stage of a power struggle over who holds the permanent Chinese seat, with right of veto, in the Security Council – the only part of the UN which really affects the United States. It is a struggle over the effectiveness of the UN, its evolution and who wields power within it.

There is no way to bring mainland China into the United Nations without turning this seat on the Security Council over to Mao. The effects – on the UN itself, and on such issues as Cyprus and the Middle East – will be momentous.

But second, and more immediate, the administration's current formula for admitting the Peoples Republic without expelling the Nationalists assumes that the majority of UN members will join with us in ignoring the clear provisions of the Charter.

The question of Chinese representation has always, in the past, come to vote in the United Nations as a matter of credentials: which of the rival Chinese gov-

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ernments is the rightful holder of the one existing Chinese seat. This means, one China or the other; either the Peoples Republic or Nationalist China. When we begin to talk about seating the Peoples Republic without expelling the Nationalist Chinese, we are talking about something else: about two delegations, and two votes, where before there was only one. This becomes a question of admitting a new member, on which the Charter of the United Nations is very clear: new members are admitted "by a decision of the General Assembly *upon the recommendation of the Security Council.*"

There is no provision for adding a new member (as opposed to a vote on credentials) without a prior vote of the Security Council. Furthermore, any motion made in the Council to admit a new member is subject to veto. Nationalist China could veto any resolution that the Peoples Republic be admitted; and, should the Peoples Republic hold the Council seat, it could veto any motion that Nationalist China be readmitted as a separate nation.

The State Department, of course, has read the UN Charter (even if most commentators have not). The draft resolution which the US has been discussing with other members prior to the opening of the General Assembly would merely "affirm the right of representation of the Peoples Republic of China" along with the "continued right of representation of the Republic of China." This language attempts to avoid the legal problems of admitting a new member by suggesting that the two delegations could represent one state.

This formula has only the most superficial plausibility. Would the two delegations have one vote, or two? The Charter says that each member "shall have one vote." The vision of a mixed delegation, or of the two rival delegations sitting next to each other but casting only one vote (perhaps taking turns?) is obviously not serious. But if the idea is to have two votes, as the State Department currently interprets its resolution, it will be hard to avoid the fact that an additional vote is an additional member – therefore bringing us back to the Charter.

The closest parallel to this attempt to circumvent the usual Charter procedures came in 1947, when Pakistan asked to be considered a successor (along with India) to the original Charter seat of British India. Not only was this request refused, but the General Assembly Legal Committee, reflecting on the question of membership of a new state created by the division or change in territory of an existing member, decided that "a new state . . . cannot . . . claim the status of Member of the UN unless it has been formally admitted as such in conformity with the provisions of the Charter."

State Department officials, pressed on how the US proposal can be squared with the Charter, repeatedly argue that legal complexities should not be allowed to stand in the way of a practical solution to a serious problem. And it is undoubtedly true that if you have enough votes in the UN, you can do whatever you want. However, there is also a very strong tradition among the majority of UN members of respect for the Charter. The constitutional questions will quickly be raised when the Assembly convenes by the members who want to give the one existing seat to Peking; faced with a constitutional conflict, it is unlikely that most members will support the US proposal.

The ambiguity of the US resolution is such that it could be interpreted merely as an expression of the Assembly's view that the Security Council should act. Interpreted in this way, however, it would have no immediate effect on Chinese representation in the UN. Meanwhile, the companion US resolution making the expulsion of any member an important question, requiring a two-thirds vote, could freeze the *status quo* for another year. It is no wonder that the response from the Peoples Republic has been so unenthusiastic.

Is there any alternative that would stand a chance of preserving an Assembly seat for Nationalist China? Yes, if the Nationalists could be persuaded to boycott a meeting of the Security Council at which a resolution was approved admitting the Peoples Republic as a new member. If this motion, after passing the Council, were then to be approved by the General Assembly, there would be two China seats in the Assembly. And although the Peoples Republic has said it would not accept membership so long as the Nationalists remain in the UN, the offer of the Security Council seat would be hard to resist. This procedure could have a chance of success if the United States made a clear commitment to support giving the Security Council seat to the Peoples Republic.

Why, then, is the State Department putting so much effort into a course of action which strains the Charter and avoids the issue of the Security Council? Partly, no doubt, from its habitual preference to do everything in slow motion and the hope of postponing the critical Security Council confrontation until next year, perhaps after the President's visit; partly from fear that the Nationalists will be expelled this fall no matter what the US does and the desire to lessen political fall-out by putting up a dramatic, if losing, fight; and partly from well-grounded worries over the effect the admission of the Peoples Republic will have on some of the major decisions forthcoming in the UN.

Secretary-General U Thant, for example, has announced he will retire this year; the Chinese could, by insisting on a candidate of their own choice, block the election of a new Secretary-General, thereby crippling the entire organization.

The UN peacekeeping operation in Cyprus (as well as any future UN peacekeeping in the Middle East) would be in jeopardy; without the UN force, Cyprus could again explode, reviving the danger of a war between Greece and Turkey.

The Peoples Republic, strongly pro-Arab, would

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drastically change the balance of power in the Council on the Middle East. Should efforts collapse this fall to reopen the Suez Canal or revive the Jarring mission, a resolution applying economic sanctions against Israel would almost certainly obtain a two-thirds majority in a realigned Security Council. The United States would then face an unpleasant decision over use of its veto in virtual isolation from both neutralist nations and its NATO allies.

And if the Chinese, in their maiden speech in the General Assembly, should make the kind of attack on US "aggression" that is their standard public line – and none of the basic differences between China and the US are going to disappear on its admission to the UN – what then would happen to prospects for the President's trip?

Yet, on balance, there is little to be gained from further stalling. Next year will be little better than this. If we are to begin at last the long and painful process of learning to live with the Peoples Republic, the State Department should move now to support its admission to the UN in the proper forum – the Security Council.

And, at the very least, the administration should stop talking as if admitting China to the UN is an issue that can be gently and gracefully handled through the General Assembly. To do so does not effectively lead to a two-China policy; nor does it frankly and honestly lay before the American people either the difficulties involved or the problems that will follow.

Robert Hunter Wilbur

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Rescuing California

by Peter Barnes

California, the Golden State, gets less golden every day. Highways proliferate; cities sprawl; smog thickens; oil spills; fertile lands turn saline; wilderness gives way to second-home subdivisions whose lots are rarely developed but often resold for speculative gain. On top of this, unemployment grows: defense and space contractors cut back, Hollywood wallows and corporate farms replace workers with machines. Last year, for the first time in history, more people left California than arrived. Clearly, the habits and policies of the past must change if California is to remain liveable, yet the state government behaves as if welfare chiseling were the beginning and end of California's problems.

Economically, there are really two Californias: aerospace California, and land-based California (agribusiness, land developers, oil drillers, forest harvesters). Both economies are rooted in the private seizure of public wealth, the former through conduits to the federal treasury, the latter through appropriation of natural resources. What many Californians are slowly recognizing is that an economy based on corporate commandeering of public wealth can't grow indefinitely. Lockheed hangs on by a single vote in the US Senate; excessive exploitation is beginning to deplete and degrade the land.

Rescuing California won't be easy. It involves turning aerospace talents to less cosmic and destructive tasks, and giving land back to people who will use it sanely. In both areas the going will be tough. Aerospace companies have been so long protected from the marketplace that they are structurally and psychologically ill-prepared to deal with less-than-grandiose products. Giant landowners, developers and polluters have such incestuous relationships with all levels of government that a basic turnaround in public policy will require long-term political struggle.

Corporate manipulation of government for private profit is as old as the republic. Land giveaways in the nineteenth century were scandalous; they continue in the guise of tax favoritism, crop subsidies, water subsidies, labor subsidies and nonenforcement of anti-monopoly laws. (The Southern Pacific railroad, for example, has yet to comply with an 1862 law requiring it to open its federally granted lands to settlement "at a price not exceeding one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.") California builds great dams and

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water systems, at public expense, for the principal benefit of large land monopolists. It scarcely taxes oil companies and grossly underassesses most other big landholders. It permits and encourages the exploitation of farm labor, spends millions on research for the benefit of agribusiness, lets redwood forests be destroyed, and blinks at the big polluters. The capital gains loophole (federal as well as state) invites and handsomely rewards land speculation, driving up land costs for farming, housing and parks.

Why does government do all this when the consequences are now visible to anyone? The Ralph Nader task force that recently surveyed the California legislature found that 55 percent of state senators, and 60 percent of assemblymen, currently receive substantial sums from ownership or development of land. Some are attorneys representing these interests; others operate their own real estate or construction firms or have large landholdings. County supervisors are even more intimately linked with land and development interests. Of 89 county supervisors surveyed by the Nader group, 42 are large landowners or own real estate, development or construction firms, and another 16 are lawyers or financiers for these interests.

The executive branch of state government is similarly replete with conflicts of interest, some of them actually required by law. Six of the eight members of the Board of Forestry must, by law, represent commercial exploiters of timber. A majority of each district Oil and Gas Commission must be from the oil and gas industry. Eleven of the thirteen members of the State Board of Agriculture are growers. State and regional water quality control boards are dominated by water-using (i.e., polluting) industries. Extraordinary influence is wielded by special interest lobbyists. Nader's group tallied 235 registered lobbyists for various land and development interests, compared to a dozen or so for labor, consumer and conservation groups. Reported expenditures for the land interest lobbyists exceeded $30,000 per legislator in 1970 (California's disclosure laws are so lax that one lobbyist's report simply listed $2000 spent for "deerhunting – general good will"). In addition to what they spend on wining and dining are the sizeable contributions they (or the interests they represent) make to the campaigns of elected officials. A glance down the list of Governor Reagan's reported contributors in 1970 reveals that two-thirds of those giving $1000 or more were corporations or individuals with a strong interest in land exploitation: Southern Pacific, Tenneco, the Tejón Ranch, the Irvine Land Company, Standard Oil, Union Oil and the Bank of America, among many. Several were multiple donors: Tenneco gave $2500 five times, Southern Pacific seven – a total of $15,000.

The political consequences of all this are not surprising. Occasionally, because of public pressure, a piece of legislation limiting corporate exploitation slips through one house of the legislature, but almost invariably it then gets buried in a committee of the other house. Last year conservationists introduced 300 bills in the California legislature, 50 of which they considered "highly important." The legislature passed two.

Somehow California must be salvaged, and the question, given the formidable obstacles blocking the road, is how best to proceed. There's little that can be done on a local political level to convert the aerospace dinosaurs into viable competitive enterprises. Land exploiters, however, can conceivably be curbed over the next few years by building a coalition that would include labor, minority groups, small farmers, young people and citizens concerned about the environment. Such a coalition would have as its primary goals a cleansing of the entire governmental structure, perhaps including state financing of election campaigns; tax reform, transferring to wealthy corporations and individuals (including Reagan himself) more of the tax burden now borne by wage earners; environmental protection, including harsh penalties against polluters; and land reform, limiting the size of landholdings and redistributing excessive holdings to landless farmworkers, individually or in cooperative ventures.

There's no shortage of people in California who are thinking in these terms; the trick is to get them organized into an effective political force. One result of the Nader report may be to stimulate such a coming together. One public interest group, *California Action, Inc.*, is organizing seminars of labor and conservation leaders, with the aim of developing a joint legislative program and lobbying effort. *California Tomorrow*, a prestigious planning group, is drafting a wide-ranging set of proposals for sensible land use. Rural anti-poverty lawyers are preparing lawsuits challenging the legality of many large landholdings.

There is also renewed interest in legislating through popular initiative, bypassing the pitfalls of Sacramento and going directly to the people. The initiative in California dates from Hiram Johnson's days, though little effective use has been made of it in the past. This year, a Los Angeles-based group called the *People's Lobby* gathered 500,000 signatures to place on the next statewide ballot a far-reaching Clean Environment Act. The affected special interests will spend prodigiously to defeat the measure, but the *People's Lobby* thinks the influx of new young voters gives it a fighting chance. If the anti-pollution initiative does well, others on tax and land policy may follow.

California, as Nader observed, seems hell-bent on pulling itself down by its own bootstraps, but there are a lot of Californians who don't want to go down with it. The battle in the next few years will be between those demanding an end to "corporate welfare" and misuse of the land, and those who believe that government-aided profiteering, with all its consequences, can go on unimpeded forever.

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The Sub-Citizenship of the Young

Growing Up in America

by Mark J. Green

"Neither the 14th Amendment nor the Bill of Rights is for adults alone."
Justice Abe Fortas

Like the insane and convicts, and like blacks before 1863 and women before 1920, 18 million Americans between 16 and 21 are sub-citizens, despite the 26th constitutional amendment giving 18- to 21-year-olds the right to vote in all elections. For example, an administration which lauded our newest amendment proposed last month a juvenile curfew law for Washington, DC. It was a paternalistic move totally consistent with our historical disregard for the rights of youth.

To begin with, take schools. When high school newspapers confined themselves to reporting team scores and class elections, First Amendment questions did not arise. But with the advent of the Vietnam War, student journalism became more controversial and irreverent. Underground newspapers from *The Finger* to the *South Dakota Seditionist Monthly* to *The Neo-Dwarf* surfaced. The response of some school officials has been Agnewistic. School board Chairman William Freienmuth of Montgomery County, Maryland, forbade the distribution of the *The Washington Free Press* in his high schools because "it advocates revolution and makes disparaging remarks about the CIA and the police. Part of our job is to teach students to live within the law. After all, everyone had a little trouble with conformity sometime." In Delaware, two high school students were arrested and charged under a 143-year-old law with blasphemy for writing an article entitled "The Purple Jesus, or the Grape of the Virgin," in their paper *The Acid Flash.* The National Association of Secondary School Principals has estimated that half of all secondary schools have tried to suppress nonsanctioned publications.

Recent court decisions have strengthened the First Amendment rights of students. In 1969, the Supreme Court, in *Tinker v. Des Moines Board of Education,* reversed the suspension of three antiwar students who had worn black armbands. Protest (or publishing) could only be prohibited, said the Court, if the school affirmatively proved a material and substantial interference with school operations. An Illinois Court of Appeals decision overruled the expulsion of two 17-year-old students for "gross disobedience and conduct" because of articles in their publication *Grass High.* A Michigan District Court has held that a school principal exceeded permissible discretion in expelling students caught with an "obscene" publication, since the offending word in the periodical also appeared in the school's library in *Catcher in the Rye* and in *Harper's.* And a Connecticut District Court held that a student group did not have to submit a privately printed newspaper to school officials for predistribution approval.

"Stylistic" censorship is less commonplace than it was five years ago, but it's not dead. The California Administrative Code says: "All pupils who go to school without proper attention having been given to personal cleanliness, or neatness of dress, may be sent home, to be properly prepared for school. . . ." Three years ago a Connecticut high school suspended 53 boys after class-by-class inspections and a lecture by the principal that "hair must be neat (not bushy) around the ears and must not overlap the ears." Black students in a Boston high school were disciplined for wearing dashikis. Although district courts have disagreed over this issue, one Court of Appeals decision has stressed the rights of privacy and expression, stating that a student cannot be given a choice between a haircut or expulsion. On appeal, the Supreme Court refused to review that decision, thus letting it stand as law.

Student privacy is violated when personal lockers are searched without cause shown. It is abused by casual dissemination of personal data on students compiled by school authorities. It is violated when teachers inflict corporal punishment on their pupils – which some states tolerate. Finally, suspension and expulsion proceedings for disciplined students often lack the very due process safeguards that teachers insist on for themselves: hearings, charges, evidence, and a chance, with counsel if necessary, to identify and cross examine adverse witnesses. Where such rights are respected, as in New York City, officials often bypass them in the

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interests of "administrative expediency." As criminal law often turns out to be what the cop on the beat says it is, school law is what the school principal or board says it is.

In practice, laws relating to sex, marihuana and pornography also discriminate against the young.

Rooted in the Comstockery of the early 1900s, sex laws prohibit all sex that is not within the marital bond – a restriction which obviously falls most heavily on 16-21 year olds. Fornication is specifically defined as intercourse between unmarried partners. Many state laws go beyond the mere *operational* discrimination against the nonadult. Fornication with a girl under 18 draws the same penalty as fornication with "an idiot or imbecile" – up to three years in jail; in Connecticut the age cutoff is 21 and the penalty is up to five years.

While arrests and prosecution on sex charges are declining, the existence of these laws allows enforcement officials wide discretion. Those against whom the law is applied are often disproportionately the black, the weird – and the young. One Connecticut policeman let slip the kind of prejudice that is prevalent: "When you see a black boy and a white girl together, well, you just know what's going on." I know one engaged couple who, while at college in Connecticut, were invaded by five policemen during a weekend at a motel. A "Lascivious Carriage" charge was lodged against each.

Although laws prohibiting the use of marihuana are not specifically aimed at the young (an estimated 20-40 million Americans have tried grass), they bear down most heavily on them since marihuana is an accoutrement of the *youth* counter-culture. Of those persons arrested for sale or possession of marihuana or hashish in New York City in 1969, 60 percent were under 21. As Tom Buckley has written, "It's the young who get 'busted' for using marihuana." And when they do, the penalties can be severe. Many state laws provide for penalties up to ten years for the first offender; for 98 percent of all juveniles arrested for possession, it was their first arrest of any kind. While few receive the maximum sentence, partial penalties can "ruin the life of a first-time offender," according to Dr. Stanley Yolles, former director of the National Institute of Mental Health. Some offenders get the book thrown at them. In February, 1969, a hirsute 19-year-old was arrested with six and a half pounds of grass; a Southern judge sentenced him to 25 years in jail. Seven months later a 20-year-old Texan was convicted of selling two joints; he was sentenced to 50 years in prison.

Fortunately, about half the states are in the process of lowering penalties for first-time offenders. Federal penalties have already been reduced. But the lesser federal penalties were accompanied by a "no-knock" provision permitting police to break into premises, if they suspect incriminating evidence is being destroyed. "Some observers believe that police zeal in seeking out marihuana offenders," Tom Buckley has written, "is proportional to their dislike of the life style it exemplifies, which is often associated with antiwar and civil rights protests, loud rock music, sexual freedom, and what is described as a disrespect for law and order, rather than to the seriousness of the act itself."

Pornography bans are sometimes aimed *specifically* at the young. Many believe this is as it should be. But it leaves the key question unanswered: What is pornography? Senator Goldwater has said that "as a father and a grandfather, I know by golly, what is obscene and what isn't." Justice Potter Stewart said he can't define pornography but knows it when he sees it. And what do authorities do with their undefined certainty? It was Lester Maddox of Georgia who told his state teachers to "do your duty . . . see what has been added to the curriculum at your school and burn it," and Max Rafferty in California who banned *Soul on Ice* from all schools as "obscene." But if a work has artistic or literary merit for adults, does it not also for teenagers? Moreover, what books and films will be suppressed in the name of protecting our children, if in the name of protecting adults, works of Hemingway, Moravia, Maugham, Dumas, Voltaire, de Maupassant, Tolstoy, Zola and Freud can be banned – as they have been at one time or another?

For films, the Motion Picture Association has found a compromise in its rating code. Children are not admitted if a film is judged X or R; slightly more than 25 percent of all films are in these two categories. The code is an effort by movie distributors to keep local censors off their backs, yet state and local laws operate regardless of the code. *The New York Times* movie critic Vincent Canby has rightly questioned "a system that seems . . . concerned with keeping us sexually pure and with pretending that 14- or 15-year-old kids have never seen certain parts of our bodies and never heard certain four-letter words."

The sub-citizenship of the young is nowhere seen more clearly than in the juvenile court system, which in most states deals with those 18 and under. It keeps busy. Juveniles commit one-half of all the serious crimes; sixteen-year-olds are arrested more frequently than any other age group; in 1964 there were 591,000 juvenile respondents processed by the system. Created at the turn of the century, the juvenile court stressed that a child should be examined and treated, not punished – a humane concept. As one of its original architects wrote in 1909, "Seated at a desk, with the child at his side, where he can on occasion put his arm around his shoulder and draw the lad to him, the judge . . . will gain immensely in the effectiveness of his work." It hasn't worked that way.

Although juvenile court advocates insist that the proceedings do not seek punishment and that reform schools are not as opprobrious as prisons, few young delinquents who have been detained for years would agree. Graduates of reform school are as stigmatized as those of prisons, especially since many juvenile of-

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fenders are either sent directly to adult jail or are transferred there from juvenile facilities. In all there are now 100,000 juveniles in detention centers and jails. A 1968 study of 1214 juvenile courts found that 31,000 children were incarcerated in adult jails, at times for crimes which an adult cannot commit, such as being an "incorrigible" or a "truant."

There are benevolent judges, and despotic ones. A juvenile court judge issued this order: "If he is good he can go home; if he isn't good, I will keep him in detention." Further, endemic overcrowding has a damaging effect on deterrence and rehabilitation. In Philadelphia, one judge had tried 70 cases a day. After their arrests, many youths wait weeks before they see a judge. Many are not formally tried until two or three years after their alleged offenses, waiting in "receiving homes" for court hearings. But the longer the time between correction and wrongdoing, the less meaningful becomes any corrective action taken by the court.

Although rehabilitation is theoretical support for the whole system, rehabilitation in the District of Columbia, for example, occupied only about five percent of the court's time in 1969-70. The lack of remedial and counseling facilities compels judges to sentence or release those acknowledged as disturbed children in need of treatment. The President's Crime Commission Report of 1967 urged Youth Service Bureaus to channel more children into social agencies. But funding for such efforts has not been forthcoming.

Finally, as ably reported in Lois Forer's *No One Will Lissen,* the juvenile court system's inequities fall most harshly on poor urban blacks. Over 95 percent of those adjudicated delinquent are poor; 90 percent are black. What are we to say of the case of Betty Jean, a black, 17-year-old girl? While appearing before juvenile court, her attorney requested a psychiatric examination for her: she had had sexual relations at ten, was the mother of an illegitimate child, was raped at sixteen, and had nightmares that people were staring at her while the lights were out. A physician recommended "nothing short of a complete psychiatric study," which was denied by the judge, who claimed: "Such experiences are far from being uncommon among children in her socioeconomic situation with the result that the traumatic effect may be expected to be far less than it would be in the case of a child raised by parents and relatives with different habits and customs."

Until the Supreme Court intervened, juvenile courts continued to regard due process safeguards as irrelevant or unnecessary. After faulting the procedures of a juvenile court on statutory grounds in the 1967 *Kent* decision, the Court reached the constitutional issues in the *Gault* case that same year. Fifteen-year-old Gerald Gault, found guilty of making an obscene phone call, was not notified of the charges against him, was not told of his rights against self-incrimination, was not represented by counsel, and, for an offense carrying a maximum sentence of two months for an adult, was declared a delinquent and subjected to institutionalization until age 21, *six years later.* The Supreme Court asserted, however, that a juvenile like Gerald Gault had a right to a timely notice of charges and that notice at the first hearing was not timely, a right to counsel or appointed counsel if indigent, a right to be informed about self-incrimination and a right to cross-examine the witnesses testifying against him. The unanswered issue – whether a juvenile had a right to a jury trial – was decided in the negative by the Court several weeks ago. Justice Harry Blackmun, for the six-man majority, said on that occasion that although the juvenile system was imperfect, jury trials would place children "squarely in the routine of the criminal process . . . putting an end to what has been the idealistic prospect of an intimate, informal protective proceeding." Justice Douglas, for the dissenters, argued that the possible deprivation of freedom for five or six years seemed an adequate claim to full due process, especially since enforcement officials treated juveniles as criminals.

Why is it that until the individual wakes up to his 7670'th morning, he is considered a child, and after that an adult? Is it because men in medieval England were knighted at 21? There is little scientific underpinning for the magic number, other than a general sense that a certain level of maturity and knowledge is required for admission to full citizenship, and that 21 seems (or seemed) as good a place to draw the line as any. But is it? "There are more and better informed young people in the world today," Erik Erikson argues, "and they are in better communication with each other, or, at any rate, connected through more and more uniform news media." Supporting this view, a recent analysis by *The New York Times* noted that, "From surveys involving thousands of girls, four generations of Harvard boys, records of the choir of Johann Sebastian Bach, and numerous other studies, researchers on human growth have concluded that the rate at which boys and girls mature has been increasing steadily. Not only are sexual and physical maturity coming earlier, but some researchers have also found a parallel acceleration in mental development, a phenomenon they point out, that could have wide social and legal implications if confirmed."

Nevertheless, with few exceptions the 16- to 20-year olds cannot sign a binding contract or hold and dispose of property, work in many occupations, represent themselves in divorce or will proceedings, sit on a grand jury or jury, run for elected office or be appointed to state agencies, marry or travel without parental consent, purchase liquor or cigarettes, attend certain movies or read certain books. Yet they can be drafted and taxed, be subject to corporal punishment by the family, be subject to school authorities and juvenile curfews, be sent to adult prison.

The present situation is far from static. On January

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1, 1970, the age of legal capacity in Great Britain dropped from 21 to 18. As of that date, 18-year-olds could not only vote, they could hold and release property, make enforceable contracts and wills, marry without parental consent, obtain credit, and be sued on the default of debts (with rights come obligations). And now we have granted the franchise in all elections to eleven million youths between 18 and 21. But was the Voting Rights Amendment a singular, though significant, political event, or will it signal a change in other laws affecting youth? With the added responsibilities that attend the granting of legal rights – from freer schools to more contractual rights – the young will rebound with new self-respect and character. There are numerous primitive societies where post-puberty children are inducted into the tribe, with full benefits and responsibilities. Why not in America? By teaching the young Constitutional rights and then denying them these rights, they will learn something – but one wonders what it will be.

The Last of the Cold-War Liberals

Another President Jackson?

by Paul R. Wieck

Scoop Jackson has an incredible hold on the voters of Washington. In 1970 he polled 84 percent of the vote. Six years earlier, 72 percent. A friend of Senator Jackson says of his popularity: "It's not one issue. It's not foreign policy or liberal positions. It's that he comes across as hard working, straight, conscientious. He's sound." A Republican publisher from Spokane dropped in on Jackson's office late one Saturday afternoon several years back, not really expecting the senator to be there. But Jackson *was* there, shirt sleeves rolled up, working at being a senator. The publisher was impressed, he became a Jackson man, and his newspaper thereafter regularly reminded readers that Scoop Jackson is a man "of character," a "responsible" public servant. That represented quite a change from the days when Eastern Washington conservatives looked upon Jackson as "that leftist" from across the Cascades.

Now Jackson would like to extend his grip to include a broad centrist *national* coalition and in so doing capture the Democratic presidential nomination.

The envisioned coalition would not only decimate GOP ranks but, simultaneously, isolate the Democratic left. It evolves naturally from Jackson's self-image as a friend of both working man and progressive elements of business, a civil libertarian, problem solver, advocate of minorities, defender of Israel, consistent patriot. Such a possible Jackson constituency cuts across not only party but sectional lines.

The key role belongs to skilled labor. Of working-class origins himself (Jackson's father was a Norwegian immigrant turned local union official), he's been steadfast in his loyalty to the goals of the working man as defined by the AFL-CIO throughout his 35 years in public life. To this he hopes to add a healthy share of the business community, not only aerospace, construction, trucking, etc. but GOP stalwarts who no longer recoil at the idea of direct help from government. Until Nixon moved on the economic front, their alarm was driving them to Jackson in droves.

His staunch advocacy of full-employment measures not only appeals to labor and business but heartens old-line civil rights leaders who see this as essential to resolving minority problems. (Jackson's own civil rights record is in the classic liberal tradition.) Full employment also plays a role in his views on environmental control. Here, his theme is fulfilling the country's social and economic goals while providing clean air and water. "I'm not an either-or man," he said in a reference to his belief that the most ardent environmentalists would sacrifice the jobs of workingmen for rustic surroundings. That's a feeling shared by a substantial segment of business and skilled labor. Traditional conservationists, while opposing him on issues such as SST, aren't put off. They're still handing out awards to Jackson.

His "hawkish" views, which make him completely unacceptable to most liberals, are a plus in other circles. There's still a huge research community with hardline views tied to the military. They're for Jackson almost to a man, along with many retired and active officers. He ties a "hawkish" view on Israel to this

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overall stance to the comfort of a substantial segment of the Jewish community. He's been undeviating in his support of Israel and it hasn't gone unnoticed. To all this add convinced anti-Communists who would forgive his liberalism on other issues because they fear Nixon's gestures to Peking. To round it out, there are the party regulars, and lobbyists aplenty, all with checkbooks in hand.

If this sounds like a Scammon-Wattenberg profile of "the real majority," there's an explanation for that. Ben Wattenberg is not only a Jackson confidant but has been writing some of his speeches. On a six-day swing through Florida, the senator frequently urged people to read Wattenberg's book.

Jackson's campaign strategy has been a simple one: agree that President Nixon is winding down the war, wish him well, and then hit him on economic issues. But President Nixon's surprisingly forceful move on the economic scene August 15 won widespread public approval and, at least temporarily, quieted the growing fears of GOP businessmen attracted to Jackson. To compound Jackson's problem, Nixon's men in Vietnam were unable to produce an opponent for President Thieu in the forthcoming elections and public disillusionment over Vietnam began to set in again. All this could change several times by early spring, but as of September it is complicating Jackson's game plan.

For a more agile politician, a man given less to commitment and more to contrivance, this might not pose a problem. But Jackson isn't such a man. He's utterly consistent. His personality fits the ideals of his middle-America constituency. Jackson has a steady, fair but bland approach to most problems. He epitomizes the conviction of his generation (now 59, he was in college at the height of the depression) that a good man can get ahead by hard work. He has. At 28, he was elected county attorney. At 30, he went to Congress. His record since then isn't blemished by personal scandal; indeed, there's not such a thing as a colorful anecdote about him.

His record fits his personality. Its consistency is best illustrated by his ADA rating, which slipped from 100 percent in 1960 and 1961 when the cold-war liberalism he still espouses was in vogue, to 56 percent in 1970. He didn't deviate an inch during a decade of national self-examination and turmoil in public affairs.

To concerned activists of the liberal-left, it might seem incredibly unlikely that the Democratic party could nominate such a man in 1972; yet, the potential of the coalition he hopes to put together could hurt the influence of his critics within the Democratic party in 1972 and set the stage for a major fourth-party effort led by a "name" candidate – a McCarthy, Lindsay, McGovern or Hughes.

For Jackson to put together his centrist coalition in a crowded field will be difficult. In Jackson's case, it will require a widespread acceptance on the part of the constituency he's staked out that Vietnam is not only no longer an issue but that it's now safe to return to the premises of cold-war liberalism. It's here Jackson strategy begins to break down.

Jackson feels it's unfair to call him a "hawk," saying, "I don't think it describes my position." He denies any close personal association with Pentagon brass with a single exception – Admiral Rickover, the brilliant nonconformist who was saved from a purge nearly 20 years ago by a handful of senators, including Jackson. Of that, he says: "My great contribution was to defend a nonconformist when it was unthinkable (1952-1953)." Yet, on Vietnam, he buys the views of the military. Recently, he traced the trouble in Vietnam back to McNamara's doctrine of "graduated response." Jackson opposed it at its inception, supporting the alternative offered by the generals – blockade of Haiphong harbor combined with moving a large force across Laos along a line with the DMZ to cut off the flow of supplies. The war became protracted because of poor strategy (McNamara's), the American people "didn't want a protracted war" and, since it didn't work out he supports President Nixon's plans to withdraw. Of Nixon, he says, he's "trying to get out as fast as he can and yet give the South Vietnamese a chance to survive. I support that position. I've always supported the President (six Presidents, in fact) on foreign policy and I'm proud of it."

But future policy is the key. Has Vietnam altered Jackson's basic outlook? Apparently not. His complete acceptance of cold-war premises is illustrated in a number of ways. Of the intelligence community (including the CIA), he claims they've been "over the years, intellectually honest." Nor does he question the role of the CIA because "they don't do anything not approved at a White House level. It's an arm of the highest executive branch of government. Its activities are not unknown to Congress through its CIA watchdog committee." He serves on it.

So, accepting their "intellectual honesty," he takes seriously predictions coming from intelligence sources, for instance, a recent statement that the "balance of strategic power is tilting in favor of Moscow, which doesn't necessarily mean a sneak attack by the Soviets but greater risk-taking on their part, especially in the Middle East." It fits his basic conclusions – that peace can only be won from a position of strength, that we must maintain a "credible deterrent."

What is credible? How does he go about finding out? Jackson denies favoring every big toy, missile or whatever, the Pentagon brass wants. A favorite example (from the McNamara years): TFX. He teamed with Chairman McClellan of Government Operations on that one. But how does he judge military requests? "I follow the procedure I'm sure you follow," he said to me, adding: "I ask searching questions. Cross-examine. Standing alone, any statement will not have

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the kind of factual meaning one wants until it's subjected to cross-examination. The real problem comes when you have competing programs in the military service. This is the area to dig into. The greatest danger of over-selling comes when you get into weapons systems and competition. In the last analysis, we all have to use the art of cross-examination." The trouble is the people Jackson talks to are men committed to the same cold-war premises Jackson holds.

Though it might be unfair to call him a tool of the Pentagon of the sort some other high-ranking members of Congress have been, his record is one of cooperation on the Senate floor. He opposed McGovern-Hatfield ("an escape from reality") and efforts to reduce military spending on a percentage basis ("the meat axe approach"). Perhaps the most telling blow to Jackson's liberal image was the ABM. Shoulder to shoulder with Tower, Stennis, Goldwater and Russell, he worked the floor to help defeat his old friends in the party's liberal wing. Of ABM, he says "it's a matter of judgment. It's less provocative than other [weapon systems]. The offensive missile is more provocative than the defensive missile." One could expect no substantial reduction in military spending if Jackson became President. Is that what his constituency really wants?

Jackson is baffled by the antagonism his views arouse on the left. His problems with his party's left have been building for a half-dozen years. When speaking to student groups Jackson, who relies heavily on classified information from intelligence sources, retreats when pressed to, "If you knew what I know." Student audiences turn off en masse.

The Jackson camp accuses his critics of ingratitude for his contributions in other fields, such as civil liberties (he's fond of saying he's the only man "both McCarthys" have campaigned against). Jackson took an early stand against Joe McCarthy and still talks about how the McCarthyism of that era crippled government by forcing "a lot of extremely competent persons to stop putting their views in writing. As a result, people would not express dissent. It's very important to make it possible for the top guy to get all points of view without a threatening climate. This is overlooked. We need to protect the sanctity of opinion without the threat of repression." His record bears up his concern. He voted against HUAC as a House member, against the Mundt-Nixon bill against Communists. More recently, in praising J. Edgar Hoover while reminding his audience he fought the "witch hunters," Jackson said he "wouldn't have handled the Berrigan case the way it's being handled. I don't think it constituted a clear and consistent danger to security."

His favorite ploy for several years was to taunt his detractors with being "doves" on Vietnam and "hawks" on Israel. His own record of support for Israel goes back to 1948 when he supported Truman on independence for that small nation even though, as aides are quick to point out, "there weren't 10 Jewish families in his district." His was a heavily Scandinavian constituency and he was fond of comparing the two countries. (These days he tells audiences "clean air and water" didn't protect Norway when Nazi troops poured in, neatly tying his passion for technological progress with his passion for missiles.) In 1970, he authored an amendment to the Military Procurement Bill to provide military assistance to Israel. He's popular on the Bonds for Israel circuit and is credited with selling "a lot of bonds" at a recent luncheon attended by wealthy Jewish builders in Washington, DC, some of whom are backing his candidacy.

Jackson's difficulties with the new levels of political consciousness aren't confined to his "hawkish" viewpoints. There's also trouble in the area of his greatest legislative triumphs over the years – the environment. His friends shower him with accolades for his role (as chairman of the Senate Interior Committee since 1963) in the passage of a long list of bills – Wilderness, National Trails, Wild and Scenic Rivers, Redlands and Canyonlands National Parks, Environmental Policy Act, Water Resources Planning Act, Central Arizona Project. "He's been two or three years ahead of popular policy," they say.

The new breed of environmentalists disagree, as illustrated by the ratings of the League of Conservation Voters, an arm of Friends of the Earth. They picked 17 environmental votes going back to 1955 and, despite Jackson's leadership on traditional issues, he scores only 55 percent (9 right, 6 wrong, 2 absences). It's well below Hughes (100), McGovern (79), Muskie (73), Kennedy (71), McCarthy (64) and even Bayh (58). The new environmental issues – SST, reduction in highway and Corps of Engineers' funds – put him in conflict with the environmentalists.

Jackson's aides reject environmentalist criticism. They see him as a "responsible legislator" faced with his share of anguish in trying to balance conflicting sets of needs. The role they see him playing in the Alaska Native Claims Bill illustrates the point. He moved first with a bill to give Alaska's natives $1 billion and 12 to 15 million acres. Conservatives grumbled. It was "too generous." The White House thought so, too. But he pushed it through the Senate, only to have it stalled in the House. Then, Senators Kennedy and Harris moved in with a more generous plan to give the natives 60 million acres and, says an agitated Jackson aide, "the effect is *they're* concerned about Indians and *we're* not." Again, it strikes them as ingratitude. "Jackson's trying to do what Congress should have done 80 years ago." And, they sigh, *he* took the leadership.

Jackson, like all the other candidates, will have to carry his fight on the issues – military policy, environment, the country's economic woes – to the voters in next spring's primary marathon. Right now, his best

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potential appears to be in the South and Rocky Mountain West with his immediate goal being to win enough early primaries to stay alive until he hits the two crucial West Coast primaries – Oregon and California – where he hopes to clobber his antiwar critics.

Florida is critical for him. It has an early primary; indeed, it may overshadow New Hampshire's voting a week earlier, both because of the number of delegates at stake (81) and because New Hampshire is generally conceded to Muskie. It will also be argued that Floridians constitute a far better cross-section despite the large numbers of older and rural conservatives. After his six-day swing through the state in early July, local observers gave Jackson a top rating. He won an impressive string of endorsements – ex-Sen. Spessard L. Holland, Reps. Robert Sikes, Bill Chappell and Charles Bennett (all three are from northern or central Florida) – from the party's conservative wing; editorialists liked him, and turnouts grew larger as the tour progressed. All of this suggested he could be the "man to beat" in Florida next spring.

If there is a region where his hard-line stance on military matters will be equated with "patriotism," it's the South. Nevertheless, Jackson chooses not to lead with that issue. In fact, he doesn't bring it up himself, which is consistent with the claim of his people that the war isn't an issue. "We never hear about it," an aide says. Yet, it does linger in the minds of voters. The desire of the South on this issue may have been summed up best by a knowledgeable Tennessee politician who says voters want "someone who can get the country out of Vietnam without admitting we're wrong." Jackson doesn't believe we were wrong; we just had bad strategy.

To judge the impact of Jackson's candidacy in the South, I traveled to Nashville with him. There, I found a trio of state senators (ranging from moderately liberal to conservative) in charge of his appearance. At least one had been a Muskie man. Why Jackson in Tennessee? There is a strong conviction that Nixon has slipped and the Democrats can capture the state with the right candidate; the only debate centers on who the "right" candidate is. Jackson's supporters claimed "the liberal thing" had been tried and found wanting with the voters and the ideal man must be able to unite the state's moderate-to-conservative voters in a primary. Barring a Mills or Wallace primary entry, they have no doubt Jackson will do well.

But he wasn't universally acclaimed in Nashville. The state has its share of young professionals and students who are ardently antiwar. Much of Sen. Gore's organization was holding for Muskie, whose men see a coalition growing out of the middle ground more feasible. Hughes, who has since withdrawn, appealed strongly to those who envisioned an antiwar populism with strong appeal to the crucial rural bases of Wallace support in middle Tennessee. There's a feeling no one else to his left can compete with Jackson for that rural vote.

Jackson's southern chances will be dependent, in large measure, on the lineup of candidates. If Muskie holds the middle ground in the South with one or more liberal-left candidates pressing him from one side, and Jackson has the right to himself, he could easily sweep the three southern primaries (Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina). A "one-to-one" fight with Muskie at any point would complicate Jackson's chances and another conservative entry (Mills, Wallace or Yorty) could be fatal. The South is very "iffy."

The West is even more crucial to Jackson's presidential hopes than the South. But, in the West, Jackson's network of allies in the Rocky Mountain states and the Northwest must deliver. There, his expansionist economic views fit the traditional liberalism of the area, giving him access to the party's money sources (contracting, trucking, oil, aerospace), all of them dependent on a blooming economy and big payrolls.

A year ago, the party regulars in the Rocky Mountain West were almost solidly for Muskie. Jackson is cutting deeply into that strength. New Mexico is an example, although perhaps not typical. Jackson has close ties to Sen. Clinton P. Anderson (he married Jackson's receptionist, the daughter of a political protege of the New Mexican). After appearing there in May, Jackson picked up an endorsement from another Anderson protege, Gov. Bruce King, who had been making Muskie sounds. By August, Sen. Anderson was able to summon so many top people in the regular wing of the party to an airport luncheon, the local press found it necessary to print some 40 names to list all the ex-governors, ex-congressmen, party officials, etc., who were there.

But to successfully negotiate New Mexico's primary, Jackson must deal with the environmental problem. Throughout the Rocky Mountains, environmentalists intent on keeping their air and water clean are squaring off against industrial developers, as illustrated by the Four Corners struggle. The pollution of a vast area of the Southwest by the stacks of new coal-burning plants installed by West, Inc. to feed electricity to Los Angeles and other metropolitan areas has people up in arms. There is an effort to halt all further development and Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton has placed a moratorium on new construction permits (a move endorsed by Jackson but regarded as meaningless by foes of the development). Meanwhile, he's pressing the power companies to hurry with the installation of new pollution-control methods. Again, he talks of the need to balance the job and power needs of the area against environmental controls. It's the kind of issue that could render Sen. Anderson and his proteges completely ineffective and bolster the chances of a Muskie or a McGovern.

Nor are all Rocky Mountain politicians friendly to Jackson. He's made enemies along with friends (Sen.

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Moss of Utah, for instance, isn't apt to support him under any circumstances). In a state such as Colorado, even his friends are hesitant because they know his candidacy would tear the party wide open in a state where a McCarthy-Kennedy caucus was in control of the delegate selection process in 1968. Muskie, in such circumstances, looks safer. However, next door in Wyoming, Sen. McGee will probably control the selection of delegates again and could look with favor on the only other cold-war liberal on his side of the aisle.

Jackson's camp is bullish about Oregon. Antiwar forces dominated that state's 1968 primary; however, the *Portland Oregonian* has all but canonized their neighbor and the state's publishers gave him a spontaneous standing ovation recently when he admitted he'd like to move to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. If he has two or more primary candidates running to the left of him, victory in Oregon would almost be a certainty providing he'd won a few contests on his way down the Oregon trail. It would give him the push he needs to go on to California. There, the old Pat Brown coalition of labor, big farmers and regular Democrats, heavily financed by the usual Jackson sources, might be put together. Yorty could ruin him by draining off the right and Jackson would certainly need at least two, perhaps three, men running to the left. But his chances of a smashing West Coast sweep of two states controlled by his critics in 1968 cannot be ignored.

Give Jackson wins in Florida, Tennessee, New Mexico, Oregon and California and credit New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Wisconsin and North Carolina to Muskie – perhaps not a probable scenario but possible – and the Democratic party will face a crisis of conscience that will make 1968 look like a tea party.

What would happen at the convention? Early this year, AFL-CIO chieftain George Meany, who finds Jackson's record exemplary on every point, talked him up to fellow union leaders. His words fell on deaf ears. Old allies like I. W. Abel of the United Steelworkers continued to prefer Muskie. More independent men, like the head of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, came out for Hughes. Among the Machinists, all the interest was in Muskie. But, generally, there was little movement. In the aftermath of two smashing West Coast victories, the attitude might change. Meany could then present a candidate with a big bloc of delegates, a string of primary wins and, perhaps, the biggest first ballot vote. Those who don't think labor's minions are effective on the convention floor have forgotten Chicago in 1968. Even if the McGovern (now Fraser) Commission rules are enforced to the letter, there's no reason organized labor can't elect its men as delegates as readily as it can get them appointed.

Texas, if once more controlled by Johnson-Connally men, would find it easy to fall in line. Mills, who has said publicly Jackson would have the best chance of all the candidates of carrying his state, might end up as one of the floor leaders. Even Mayor Daley, who depends upon an alliance with labor and business to bolster his patronage army, might find it all very palatable. By the second or third ballot, Jackson could be nominated.

He'll have no money problems. In fact, if Jackson and his good friend and colleague from Washington, Chairman Warren G. Magnuson of the Senate Commerce Committee, so desired they could probably pay off the party's debt with a couple of parties. Jackson could invite his traditional sources – labor, aerospace, independent oil, etc. – and Magnuson could send word to his clients in the transportation world (airlines, trucking, railroads, shipping, etc.).

One handicap for Jackson is the nature of his support. Except for the single issue of his military stance, albeit the major issue of the last decade, a substantial percent of his backers are philosophically to his right.

New Hampshire is illustrative. There, some 40 or 50 Democratic workers, including the party's last two candidates for governor, went to Boston to urge Jackson to come into their state in the primary. One is Roger Crowley, the 1970 Democratic gubernatorial nominee. He was backed by William Loeb, the right-wing publisher of the *Manchester Union-Leader*, who recently parted ways with Nixon over Red China and has been making eyes at Yorty and Jackson. Jackson has also had good reviews in the Pulliam press (Phoenix and Indianapolis). This kind of support will only make Jackson more unattractive even to those who find him wanting but yearn to see Nixon defeated. It also illustrates how lonely can be the route of a cold-war liberal who must reach to the far right for support.

If Jackson's politics succeeds in 1972, a major upheaval in party alignments could be expected. The liberal-left with its base of power among the millions of newly enfranchised youth, its traditional strength in the professional and academic communities, in suburban America and among minority activists, would have to leave the Democratic party. It would open the door for a major fourth-party effort which might attract a wide range of McCloskey Republicans. This coalition, under such circumstances, might expect to poll millions of votes.

Jackson's chances of pulling votes away from Nixon are now problematic. Although he complained that Nixon's new economic policies were "too little, too late," he found himself with few allies. The public reacted favorably to Nixon, unfavorably toward his old friend George Meany. If Jackson cannot replace some defectors on the liberal-left with GOP stalwarts he couldn't win in November of 1972.

On the campaign trail, Jackson is fond of repeating the late President Kennedy's call to "get us moving again." But how much movement can there be at Jackson's dead center?

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Five Queasy Pieces

Deep End (Paramount). Here's how it finishes: Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown are in a huge empty swimming pool in a London public bathhouse, to which they have brought plastic garbage bags full of snow. They are now melting the snow with an electric teakettle in order to find a diamond that fell from Asher's engagement ring when she struggled in a snowy park with Moulder-Brown (who's fifteen). He finds the diamond, demands sex for it, and she pays; then when she tries to leave, he beans her. Water starts to flow into the pool – released by a janitor who, too, lusts for Asher – and Moulder-Brown clings to her body as they both sink and drown.

This "poetic" climax is as clumsily contrived to provide visual thrills as ever any corny old melodrama was contrived to provide chase thrills. So, like all of this picture, it has a strong whiff of the early 1960s when Bourguignon and Albicoco and Patroni Griffi and the rest of the froth that followed the New Wave were cooking up situations to allow them to revel in the glory of "true" cinema.

Deep End was made by the still-young Pole, Jerzy Skolimowski, who in fact began work in the early '60s. It's his first color film, was made in English, and deals with the passion of an adolescent bathhouse attendant for an older girl who works there. It's *Petrouchka* once again – the despised lover who, we know, is more sensitive than the favored lover – only this time he and the doll both die. The symbolism of the bathhouse is patent; so are the colors. We even see walls being painted red as the passions hot up. (The idea of *Red Desert* trivialized into *Red Dessert.)* And, naturally, the camera very rarely stops circling and rarely gets out of someone's hands onto a tripod.

Jane Asher can best be described as an English girl on screen, nothing more. Moulder-Brown is something less than an English boy. Diana Dors, now fat, has the one good moment as a bath visitor getting kicks by grappling with the boy. The amorous swimming coach is smilingly played by Karl Michael Vogler, whom I saw in June as Hector Hushabye in *Heartbreak House* in Hamburg. (Worth mentioning just for the quintuple alliteration.)

The dialogue is patently post-recorded. Words are synchronized with lips but not feelings or the right aural planes. We seem to be watching one film out of an emotional oven and listening to another out of a refrigerator.

Skolimowski started his career principally by imitating Godard; now, although there are traces of Truffaut and Antonioni, he seems lost without a model. Not an unbearable loss, I'd say.

Klute (Warner Bros.). Jane Fonda has been one of our most talented screen actresses ever since she started – a fact belatedly recognized, just as she's becoming a bit lazy. Which was in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and now this story of a New York call girl threatened with murder. She's *relying* on her talent, including her excellent voice, instead of using it. In scene after scene of *Klute*, one can see her using easy "solutions" – easy to her, anyway – instead of really freshening the moment. And since she has such ample gifts, and since her director doesn't seem to know much about *anything*, she gets away with it. Donald Sutherland, as a policeman who is hung up on her, is present a good deal of the time, apparently.

This is one more of that new breed of rotten film that tries to be mod by taking a conventional story and telling it badly. It's basically a crime thriller, but by misproportioning it and fancying up the photography and having the call girl speak bluntly, they thought they'd sort of take a fix on the Human Condition.

Alan J. Pakula's direction is full of imitations, such as gliding past objects in the foreground as he follows people in the middle distance because he's read or seen that environment can be integrated into film drama. (Yes, by those who understand film drama and have, basically, some respect for it.) Pakula is just another artistically shallow slicknik, operating in the new psychologized show biz.

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things about Me? (National General). The title takes up a large part of the space this film deserves; but although it's a failure, one can feel a little respect for it (unlike *Klute*). Herb Gardner, who wrote *A Thousand Clowns*, tried here to write a pensive film, an essay in contemporary loneliness and dissatisfaction. The hero is a young, very rich writer of popular songs, and we follow him through a lot of episodes, not cumulative scenes, as he drifts about trying to understand himself and why a stranger is bad-mouthing him to his friends. (I won't reveal the answer in case you see the film.)

The dialogue is stenographically humorous. The director, Ulu Grosbard, has given us at least one memorable

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Films Worth Seeing

Carnal Knowledge. Skilled surgeon Jules Feiffer operates on the US tail-chasing male – with some wit but the patient dies. Jack Nicholson is good though not the Bronxite he's meant to be. Mike Nichols' direction is fine: clear, cool, controlled.

The Clowns. A memoir by Federico Fellini of his love for a disappearing art. Sentimental but endearing. Interviews with old clowns, recreations of old acts, and Fellini himself. If you know children who won't mind Italian dialogue with subtitles, it's certainly for them, too.

The Go-Between. 1900, looking fresh as English daisies. Mildly poignant story, like the L. P. Hartley original, about a small boy who witnesses a doomed love affair. Margaret Leighton fine, Alan Bates fair, Julie Christie foo. Joseph Losey directed, at his textural best.

The Hired Hand. An attempt to capture, in visual ballad form, the changing of the Old West, where men fared alone, into a west of families and farms. Sometimes precious, often lovely. Verna Bloom is an earthy farm wife. Peter Fonda, merely earnest as the husband, does better with his directing. (His directing debut.)

Little Big Man. Dustin Hoffman in the Old West, too, as both a white man and an Indian, which enables him to live to 121! The antiwhite moralizing in Arthur Penn's direction is a bit heavy, but there's some picaresque sweep. SK

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The Corporate Snare

The Juggernauts: The Age of the Big Corporations by Graham Bannock

(Bobbs-Merrill; $8.50)

The Sick Society by Michael Tanzer

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.95)

The way giant corporations kick people and governments around has been studiously analyzed ever since their activities began on a serious scale 200 years ago. Looking back, it would seem that while the tactics of big business have changed considerably with circumstances in the interim, the specific malefactions have remained more or less constant – price fixing, market division, consumer deception, exploitation of natural resources, political maneuvering for subsidies and related giveaways, imperialistic knavery, and an irrepressible tendency to homogenize and degrade existing cultural levels. Highs in indignation were reached by the early socialists in the mid 19th century, the muckrakers some 50 years later, the official investigations (especially the famous TNEC monographs) of the 1930s, and the literary handwringings of the last 10 or 15 years.

Unabashed defenders have been rare, outside the corporate family itself. The brilliant Joseph A. Schumpeter, a roly-poly gadfly of the old Austrian school, contended to his death a decade ago that civilization owed practically everything to the efficiency and daring innovations of big business. Today, members of the Chicago school such as Milton Friedman and George Stigler will counter criticisms with the deadpan assertion that big business is more competitive than we think. But the vocal critics are and have been far more common, at least in intellectual circles, and it is in their spirit that Graham Bannock and Michael Tanzer write. Both contribute books that add something, though in quite different ways, to the long story of corporate iniquity.

Bannock's approach is rambling and discursive, but in so far as he develops a thesis in *The Juggernauts*, it is that the work of the world, outside the communist nations, is swiftly falling under the all-enveloping domination of a few industrial behemoths, and at a rate that is progressively faster, and hence more alarming, than is generally realized. Furthermore, he asserts, as many have before him, that the competitive success of the giants is not due to their relative efficiency but to the ruthless use of market power, including absorption by merger of potential or actual rivals. The result is seldom pure monopoly (which in the United States would provoke antitrust action) but rather oligopoly, in which a very few huge firms share a market in peaceful coexistence, effectively ban the perils of real competition, in quality as well as in price, but wage ceaseless sham battles in advertising. It is not, incidentally, that Bannock believes any more than Galbraith or Vance Packard that advertising is ineffective. He contends, however, that one million dollars spent by each of the big three in autos is likely to have considerable influence in boosting the aggregate national demand for slick, large, conventional cars but practically no impact on the way in which the total market is divided among GM, Ford and Chrysler.

The lead in the worldwide process of amalgamation and concentration, of course, has been taken by the United States, but Bannock, who is English, emphasizes that American multinational corporations have been responsible for powerfully accelerating the same trend elsewhere. In order to combat the American giants, foreign governments have defensively stimulated, and on occasion helped to finance, a hasty merger movement among their own smaller business concerns. In Great Britain, where American subsidiaries currently account for more than half of all auto sales, nineteen domestic producers were merged over recent years in the British Leland Motor Corporation, now the lone champion of Albion with a ghost of a chance of fighting off progressive Yankee incursions. In France, with similar motivations, the two largest companies, Renault and Peugot, have agreed to a pooling of interests. In Germany Volkswagen and Mercedes have merged and also absorbed two lesser domestics, Auto-Union and NSU. In Italy Fiat has been nurtured into Europe's largest company. In Japan, where American concerns have been stubbornly seeking crevices in the legal barriers that exclude them, the government recently proposed the merger of all small motor producers with the two domestic leaders, Toyota and Nissan. The aggressive marketing of American subsidiaries, with mountains of capital behind them, has also stimulated merger movements in electronics, computers, chemicals and other industries, but like most other investigators the author draws the bulk of his illustrations from autos.

Bannock is passionately eager to counter the common belief that efficiency generally increases with the size of business concerns, although what actual evidence he presents is inconclusive at best. Perhaps for this reason he is reluctant to mention another major reason for growing concentration in Europe: the policies of the Common Market, which have been aimed toward merging and consolidating business concerns to allow greater economies of mass production.

One result of economic concentration, properly emphasized in *The Juggernauts*, is the dramatic reduction in the range of consumer choice, despite superficial appearances to the contrary. In Europe, where some economic trends appear 20 years or so after those in the United States, national food companies are implacably displacing small and sometimes wonderful local bakers. The result for consumers is a multiplicity of products carefully distinguished by different trade names and packaging, but all with the same flat, pasty taste. Since in such matters the Europeans are often less docile than Americans – less habituated, perhaps, to the regimented conformity required for big business efficiency – the resistance of consumers has been formidable but probably not destined in the end to retard the march of prog-

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ress. Americanization of automobile production, Bannock says, is having a comparable impact. Superficial decorative devices are beginning to replace structural differences among the makes and models, American style, while effective and meaningful innovations are ceasing.

The need for conformity, or basic standardization of product, is necessary not only to cut off real and therefore dangerous competition in quality among manufacturers, but also in order to simplify management problems in the giant corporations. In other words, even in a given concern substantive diversity among products is discouraged. Thus in the United States, according to recent announcements from Detroit, convertibles are being phased out. In Europe, the highly convenient map pockets on the insides of front doors are gradually disappearing to make room for additional door trim. As Galbraith has explained, the technostructure first decides what can be conveniently produced; then marketing techniques shape the public demand to accommodate the product.

Bannock is a British business economist whose experience with the Rover Company, the Ford Motor Company, and the steel industry helped to nurture a profound animus toward corporate giants in general. The resulting indictment is developed at great length in *The Juggernauts* with a verve that generally moves the reader along (with occasional descents into the art of a conscientious term paper, quotations and documentation abounding). But Bannock is no enemy of business as such, and indeed overlooks the many instances in which an unbridled profit motive will defeat the public interest, whether the concerns involved are large or small. Perhaps the best known example today is in environmental pollution. So with the fire of a mid-Victorian liberal, Bannock closes by urging that the big ones be broken down into little ones and that legitimate competition be revivified through vigorous antitrust enforcement. It is an objective that has been on the books in the United States ever since the Sherman Act of 1890.

Like Bannock, Tanzer also had experience as a business economist, with Esso out of Harvard, and he too has intellectual roots in 19th-century social theory. But while Bannock's roots stretch back to the neoclassical Alfred Marshall, whose reign as leading Cambridge pundit spanned roughly the first half of the Forsyte Saga, Tanzer's go directly back to Karl Marx. In *The Sick Society*, therefore, he ranges over a much broader variety of phenomena, though compressed in a smaller book, for Tanzer is constrained to show that the activities of business, and especially big business, are at the bottom of the "fundamental rottenness" of contemporary society, from race relations to war and inflation. And unlike Bannock, since he is convinced that present social ills are irremediable as long as private ownership of the means of production is tolerated, he is for scrapping the whole system as it stands in favor of a centrally planned and fully socialized state. Since he spends just four pages on his vision of the future, it is impossible to tell whether he has the Soviet Union's or some other model in mind.

Those who have read contemporary Marxists such as Paul Sweezy, Harry Magdoff, and the late Paul Baran, will find little or nothing that is conceptually new in Tanzer's treatment and will indeed miss much of the subtlety and scholarly care that characterizes the writings of the old left at its best. In fact, Tanzer's brevity leads to a style and treatment reminiscent of old radical "popularizers" (such as Leo Huberman), painstakingly talking down their noses so that the illiterate masses will learn what the truth is. Nevertheless, some interesting observations follow if only because Tanzer trains his sights on phenomena that the more conventional literature typically deals with lightly or not at all. The chief examples are in the sections of the book in which the author makes his strongest case, that dealing with imperialism. His argument is that the great corporations have an unavoidable concern with foreign policy, simply as an adjunct of their profit maximizing objective. Under the cloak of a "moral crusade in defense of freedom," they have pushed an anticommunist campaign that often requires both war and the support of "dozens of right-wing dictatorships." Thus he writes:

> It makes a great deal of difference whether a country is communist and/or socialist, or capitalist, even if the country is totally incapable of threatening us militarily. Each country that shifts from the capitalist to the socialist world is a country where the United States loses valuable existing investments as well as potential outlets for profitable future investment (and possibly trade).

And the interest of big business in preventing such shifts, he contends, has been the prime motivating force in American foreign policy over the last several decades. In support, some of the more violent recent episodes are briefly reviewed, including the ousting of President Juan Bosch by the US Marines in the Dominican Republic, the overthrow of the Arbenz regime "by the CIA" in Guatemala, the dumping of Mossadegh with British and American support in Iran, the Bay of Pigs and a number of others including of course the war in Vietnam. In all instances Tanzer finds that the economic interests of firms such as Standard Oil and United Fruit were vital. As an outstanding example of the stake of leading corporations in American foreign policy he notes that Standard Oil of New Jersey "has close to $10 billion of its capital at work in foreign operations that encompass most of the noncommunist world. In order to operate this vast empire it has three times as many overseas employees as the State Department."

Nor is the current and recent violence in foreign affairs historically unusual. "The prevailing mythology of a normally peaceful America is shattered," Tanzer writes, when in "the 1900 – 40 period we find US troops intervened in the following countries: China, twelve times; Honduras, seven times; Panama, six times; Nicaragua, four times; the Dominican Republic, four times; Cuba, three times; Colombia, Haiti, Korea, Turkey, and the Soviet Union, two times each; and Costa Rica, Guatemala, Morocco, and Syria."

Most readers will probably come away from this section of *The Sick Society* with the impression that much that was true was said, but that at least a few

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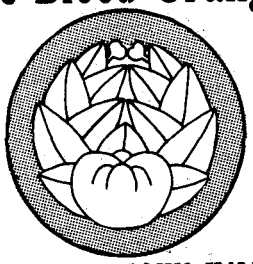
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things that are true and relevant were omitted, such as the mutual fear generated by the Cold War and its repercussions. Even though greatly simplified and frankly biased, however, Tanzer's account of American imperialism provides useful if depressing reminders (especially for members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee) of the enormous price paid for entrusting the crucial issues of foreign policy to the clandestine decisions of the Executive instead of the open forum of the legislature and public debate.

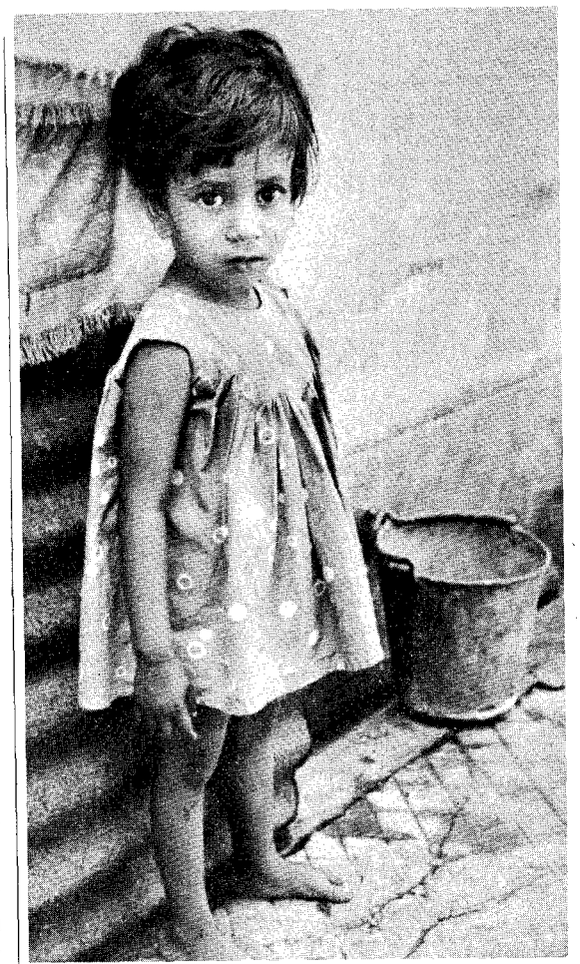
The confining rigidity of orthodox Marxism yields less interesting fruit in the other sections of the book. In the one on black poverty, where Tanzer emphasizes the profits yielded to business by racial discrimination, the results are actually grotesque. (One can't help but wonder how he would explain anti-semitism in the Soviet Union.) In the section on politics, he claims with barely any qualification that the great corporations own the executive branch and much of the legislature of the federal government. In the remaining section on business practices he skims through some of the material worked over with laborious care by Bannock.

Assuming that the United States is not going to follow Bannock in resting everything on turn of the century trust-busting, and that we will not follow Tanzer in scrapping the present system, what alternative remains in dealing with creeping economic concentration? Perhaps there is none, but if there is it would seem now to exist somewhere close to the big question currently disturbing the majority of political and social scientists: how to bring the corporate giants under effective democratic governmental control so that their activities may be directed toward the public interest? Or, stated another way, how to shape the policies of big business and keep it from shaping us? Books like *The Juggernauts* and *The Sick Society* do not contribute at all to the multifaceted policies that are slowly evolving in answer to that question, but they do help to show why the question needs to be asked.

Melville J. Ulmer

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

CARL MARCY *is chief of staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.* PETER MICHELSON'S *latest book is* The Aesthetics of Pornography *(Herder & Herder).*



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Provokingly Little Provocation

Tonkin Gulf
by Eugene G. Windchy

(Doubleday; $6.95)

Eugene Windchy's book on the Gulf of Tonkin incidents is the third full exploration of the alleged attacks on American naval vessels on the high seas which in August 1964 led to adoption by the Congress, with two dissenting votes, of a resolution which subsequently was viewed in the words of Under Secretary of State Katzenbach as "the functional equivalent of a declaration of war." In the words of Senator Morse the resolution was a "pre-dated declaration of war."

Whatever the resolution was constitutionally, it was the piece of paper President Johnson waved in the face of critics to prove that the Congress had authorized him "to take all necessary steps" in Indochina to prevent aggression—including "the use of armed force." "Functional" or "equivalent," the resolution was evidence of congressional participation in the war. The resolution was based on "multi-level deception," in the words of author Joseph C. Goulden (*Truth is the First Casualty*, Rand McNally, 1969). Windchy doesn't go that far. He concludes that "a premeditated North Vietnamese attack on August 4 seems to have been improbable, though not absolutely impossible." The third book by John Galloway (*The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution*, Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1970), being primarily a chronology and collection of documents, leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions.

There is at least one more full length book in the works (Anthony Austin, *New York Times*) and with the publication of the Pentagon Papers it seems likely the debate about the Tonkin incident will be with us as long as the questions about the sinking of the *Maine*.

It is remarkable that in these books, in the hearings held in February 1968 by the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, and in several in-depth articles about the incident, not a single author or hearing participant has unequivocally concluded that the US destroyers *Turner Joy* and *Maddox* were subjected to an attack on the high seas on the night of August 4, 1964, provoked or unprovoked. The *causus belli* for the Vietnam War – the longest, and the second most costly in American history – did not arise from the sinking of an American vessel on the high seas, from a Pearl Harbor type attack, or from an unequivocal attack across a border as in Korea.

Windchy and the other authors cannot prove the attack did *not* occur; but neither has this administration or its predecessor been able to prove the attack *did* occur. And surely the burden of proof should rest on those who make the positive claim. Even now, seven years after the event the key events and papers which might make the case for the Executive branch are locked in secret files.

Some public confusion has arisen about the Tonkin Gulf incident because it was not one incident, but three separate alleged incidents – one which did occur, one which did not, and the other which at best is doubtful. The doubtful incident is that of August 4, but it was that incident that led to the first United States air strikes on North Vietnam.

Incident one. On the afternoon of August 2, 1964, the United States destroyer *Maddox* reported that without provocation she was attacked while on the high seas in the Gulf of Tonkin. No one seriously doubts that a naval engagement did take place at that time, albeit there were no American casualties and evidence that only one 37 mm shell hit the *Maddox*. Few could accept in the light of Mr. Windchy's book that the attack was "unprovoked," inasmuch as US-supported South Vietnamese naval craft were engaged in bombardment of the North Vietnam coastline – an operation known as 34A OPS.

Incident two. Main attention has been focused on the second alleged attack when two days later on a dark and stormy night, August 4, the destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* reported a second attack. No one has been able to prove without doubt that this attack did, or did not, occur.

Incident three. On September 18, 1964, there was another reported night battle in the Tonkin Gulf. A Naval Board of Inquiry concluded that there was "no credible evidence" that the two American destroyers there involved had been attacked although large amounts of ordnance were expended in repulsing the alleged attack.

So there it is: a thimbleful of fuel to start a war with. Windchy, whose style is readable in midsummer, has done a fine job with it. He does not let himself wander far from the facts (when he finds reference to "skinhead" radar and sonar on the vessels, he researches the state of the electronic art in 1964 and the quality of the equipment on the American ships; when he finds references to the speed of the Swatow vessels in the North Vietnamese navy, he goes to Jane's), but he pulls no punches either: "The all-important briefings (of Congress) of August 6 were a mockery of the legislative process . . . a miasma of doubletalk and deception shrouded the naval action. . . . Hanoi had most of the facts, but the Congress and the American people could not get them. Much more

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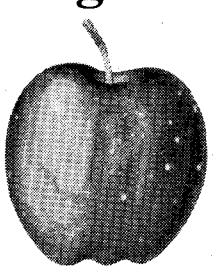

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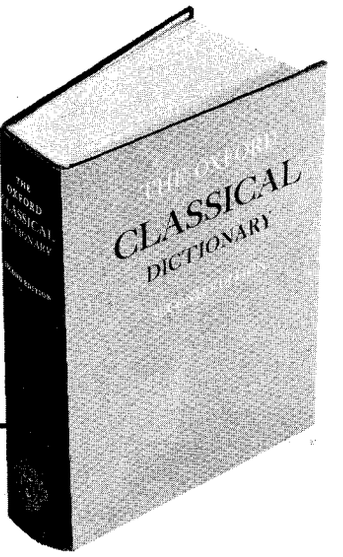

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was concealed than could be excused on any reasonable grounds, to the extent of damaging seriously the democratic process. . . . Had the facts become known, senators would not have handled the Tonkin Gulf resolution so carelessly. They would probably not have handled it at all."

Windchy is not an author with a conspiratorial interpretation of the Tonkin events. As a former bureaucrat he knows that presidents, bureaucrats, chiefs of staff, naval officers, and members of Congress do what comes naturally, and doing what comes naturally makes it hard to stop to count to ten. Thus in moments of crisis information is not analyzed and facts are not sorted out from assertions and rumors. Windchy proposes a small but significant remedy for precipitate action. He suggests that more accurate reporting by the Executive branch might be encouraged by automatic, nonexecutive inquiry of such events as those in the Tonkin Gulf, the Israeli attack on the *SS Liberty*, the *Pueblo* incident, and the strange case of the *Columbia Eagle* which put in at Sihanoukville a day or so before the Cambodian coup. Each of these incidents, he suggests, deserve more investigation than they have had from either the press or the Congress.

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Montezuma's Ball by Eugene Wildman

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The writers of my generation – to speak only of those working and middle-class whites who went to school in the '50s and had their coming-of-age in the '60s – have one foot in the grave of the liberal establishment and one foot on the banana peel of radical resistance. It's a skittish posture, and our problem has been that we have tried to hold it with grace. Journalists, looking for the flambeaus of the '10s and '20s or the ideologues of the '30s, branded us the "silent" or "placid" generation. And it is true that we have been perhaps overlong in finding vision and voice. But we had inherited a profound confusion. And, in the populist language of a voice in Charles Newman's new novel, *The Promisekeeper*, "Critics just don't understand how you can build a boat without store-bought plans, or why you'd build it if it wasn't for either money or pleasure. It wasn't for neither. It was for a hard trip." Our elders, their placidity masked in the exploits of World War II and expanding technology, told us to relax, enjoy the fruits of their labors, that this trip wasn't necessary. Our juniors, far more precocious and self-confident than we, and in fact much more the offspring of the abundant '50s, eclipsed us in public and condescendingly advised that trips were a groove, just ride easy, get stoned. But, deeper down than even we suspected, we knew that whatever we built (and even to say it right we have to reclaim the street grammar we so assiduously unlearned) wasn't for neither. It was for a hard trip.

We saw perfectly well that the society we were being programmed to exploit was unhinged from its altruistic professions. But not knowing concise alternatives and too rational and mannerly to vomit, we swallowed our nausea and cultivated our gardens. The silence was acutely misinterpreted. Our professors assumed journalistic postures and opined that we were bland, conformist and suffered a severe loss of "idealism." "I am sorry for the intellectually godless," said Karl Shapiro in a 1957 *Nation* symposium on my generation of students, "For them the mysteries are dead. I pity them: they will have no memories."

Rejecting that kind of hog wash and horse liniment, however, is in itself no achievement. The trick, for a writer as for society, is to find imaginative alternatives that are ethically workable. That means, I think, for the writer who is neither stylishly liberal nor dogmatically radical, to explore a quotidian radicalism; explore, that is, radical possibilities outside the largely self-defeating fantasies and melodrama of "the revolution." For now, on a day-to-day basis, articulating possible patterns of life, we need to reckon the specific costs of truly working toward human community. Only when we know and are willing to face them in practical terms rather than with ritual sacrifice will we have either public or private peace.

Recent books by two of my contemporaries, Charles Newman and Eugene Wildman, examine the anarchistic impulse fundamental to achieving a quotidian radicalism. From the moral chaos confronting the highly conscious and articulate modern ego, both writers devise profoundly different but basically sympathetic points of view. Newman's novel explores the radicalizing of a young business executive, from his conventional suburban origins to his eventual sabotage of the establishment. Wildman's book, in both theme and form, explores the anarchistic ethical implications of imagination. The significance of their respective visions is that both, having engaged the white, middle-

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class dilemma, see it precisely for what it is and do not let themselves or their readers off its horns.

Newman's first novel, *New Axis*, was a hard but impressionistic look at suburbia's upper-middle-class psyche. *The Promisekeeper*, his second novel, is a much more tightly plotted and analytical treatment of that crisis-ridden psyche back in the marketplace and strident battlegrounds of the city. Sam Hooper, the protagonist, is an Ivy League "frontman" for Management Concern, an established, high-toned, octopal, stock brokerage house. He is handsome, virile, articulate, and capable – in short, the darling of middle-class achievement fantasies. Quite properly, therefore, he is the recipient of America's supreme gift, middle-class power. Not the power of the rich, nor of the royal, nor of the political, it is a synthetic and unique product of democratic capitalism. It is the power to keep promises, provided one is shrewd enough to know which promises to make. Not the mysterious promises of Frost's wayfarer, for the American middle class does not deal in mysteries. It deals in management, the manipulation of quantity. And if one will quantify his life he too may share the power.

Sam Hooper confronts the question of power unequivocally. When his mistress, an Ivy League girl unhappily married to a "modern" artist and the incarnation of liberalism, asks how a man "as cultivated" as he is can work for Management Concern, he answers, "You want the same thing from me that MC does. You hate that sort of power in the abstract, but you want it on the sly just like everybody." And indeed she does. Superficially she wants his power to "save the park"; more significantly she wants his power to patronize her husband's art; symbolically, and in her psychic depths, she needs his potency, on the sly of course, in bed. And here Newman examines the implications of commerce and art as sublimated sexual power. Les Artistes, here in the form of Aaron the photographer husband, are potent enough to spawn children, but not potent enough to satisfy their women, either with orgasms or those graces of middle-class life that are beyond the means and purity of their aesthetic and neurotic preoccupations.

Such capsulizing flattens out a complex matter central to Newman's plot, but the flat gist is that the liberal is cursed just as is the artist. For, symbolically as well as literally, they are

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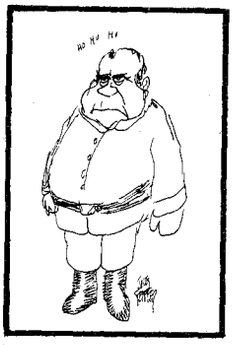

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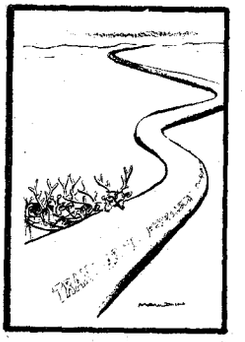
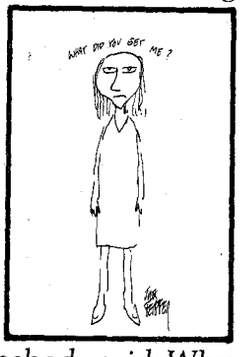
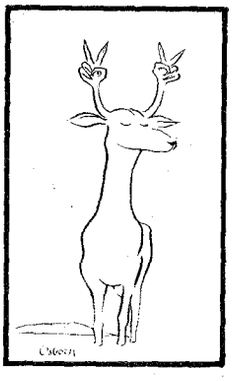


It happened this way: We were sitting around wondering when, if ever, peace would come . . . and how goodwill would win the world . . . and whether again next December we would be slitting open all those envelopes and reading "Greetings from our house to your house"





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married. And so is Sam cursed, cursed with the power and impulse to patronize. Patronage isn't *help;* it is merely quantity, and help, like God, works in mysterious ways, mostly inaccessible to the middle-class ethos. When, for example, Sam gets Aaron an MC grant, the money rather than helping his art simply encourages him to foppishness, a monkey in a silk suit.

Recognizing this, that potent as it is his power is an exercise in manipulation and exploitation, Sam moves toward a radical rejection of his role as a front for what William Burroughs calls the total control boys, the Nova Mob. He undergoes analysis with a company shrink, to see if he is "really dangerous," and the shrink leads him cannily to the self-discovery that he would not give up much for the new "creative living" he momentarily envisions. Yet he goes on with his rebellion anyway, finding strength from the unlikely source of Captain Edgar Fuess, candidate for "independent anti-Satanic administrator to President of US." Fuess becomes Sam's model. A combination of William Jennings Bryan, Clarence Darrow, Eugene Debs and Thoreau, a self-made millionaire and barely literate, he is the ghost of individualistic American populism. He emerges as the bearer of, such as it is, the American grail. For he too, in his way, is battling the total-control boys.

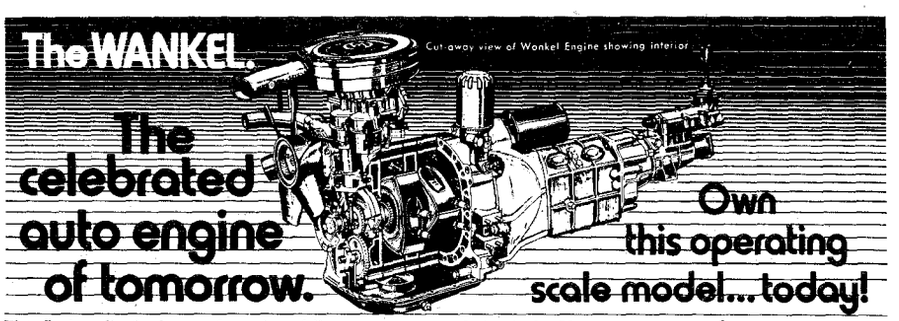
Fuess is Newman's masterstroke. He reminds us that the American middle class has its own historical and philosophical roots that, garbled as they have become, are at least as germane to the future of American radicalism as the morass of monolithic ideologies in which it is now foundering. Those roots inspire Sam's sabotage of the establishment. He programs for immediate worldwide distribution on the MC network a message that officially advises clients to make random investments independently and rid themselves of the services of such organizations as MC.

The novel is a genre in some confusion. But there tends to be a good deal more critical agreement about what a novel is than what, for example, a poem is. So the form is at once locked into its confusions and its categories. To get out of this bag Eugene Wildman has created a book that synthesizes expository, lyrical and narrative forms, but is yet none of them and is therefore disobliged of gratifying presuppositions about *its* form.

Wildman's concern with form – his first two books were anthologies of experimental poetry and prose – is to the end of more nearly bringing together art and life without falling into the bog of confession. The form of *Montezuma's Ball* may come at people strangely. The center is Wildman's own consciousness engaging the effects of a culture that is grinding like a glacier over the earth. The book is in four sections, each consisting of what must simply be called *writings,* more or less short anecdotes, essays, narratives, observations—whatever mode is most attuned to a subject – thematically unified by their focus on the crisis of human personality trying to survive "the last ice age" and preparing against "the coming ice age." The glacial death of modern culture is juxtaposed with the ancient cultures it has destroyed. Appropriately, Wildman chooses the Aztecs as symbol. In his vision the confrontation between ancient and modern is not a confrontation in time but in value. And the place of confrontation – the "new world" (even our historical rhetoric gives away our arrogance) – signifies that the origins of the modern glacier go back to the assumptions and values of European culture.

The Aztecs symbolize the vitality of the ancient cultures. That is what the title, *Montezuma's Ball,* is about; it signifies both the ball used in the ritual Aztec war games and ball as dance, both symbols of life. It is that life, that serious sense of play so suppressed in the Euro-American ethos that has been destroyed, and with it the fellow feeling necessary for true peaceful coexistence.

This is the historical perspective from which we may recognize and consider our relationship to the last and coming ice ages. In order to survive, the individual consciousness must know its options and possibilities; the future may lie not only with the "lower" cultures but also with the lower animals. Meanwhile, what is a man to do? Resist the arrogance that divides man and man, man and nature. Wildman supplies a survival travelogue, recording survival strategies in the cities of the world, punctuated by his own speculations: "If people collected stairways and put them on the street, especially on the corners, and just sat around." Turn the page: "Everyone should wear masks, and change them many times a day. Makeup, fantastic costumes, stilts, wigs, glasses with eyes pasted on them. *Then* if they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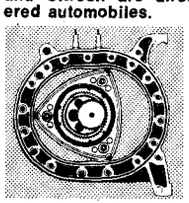

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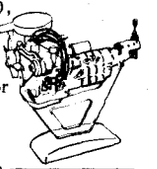

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put stairways on the streets and the corners and sat around on them." Change the scene; don't get boxed in. Melt the ice.

Wildman's journal, Newman's hard trip, both of them skillfully and honestly evoke the one thing that my generation knows maybe better than any other – middle-class insurgency tactics. The one thing that our middle-class educations and our long pragmatic meditations have prepared us for is a sophisticated anarchy. There are no bombs that can reach the corporate nerve centers, but their systems, which we have been well trained in, are vulnerable. Here are two writers that will help start a run on the Great Computer Bank.

Peter Michelson

Correspondence

Translation

Sirs:

The Aileen Palmer translation of Ho Chi Minh's *Prison Diary* (*NR*, August 7 and 14) is probably based on a verbose French version put out by Hanoi and therefore gives a very distorted picture of the original in Chinese. If we take two poems quoted in the Whittemore review, they would read much better if directly and tersely translated from the original—this I have attempted with the following results:

WATER RATION

Half a basin of water –
for a bath or for tea.
Have bath and get no tea.
Have tea and get no bath.

Palmer Version:

Each of us has a ration of half a basin of water
For washing or brewing tea, according as each may choose:
If you want to wash your face, then you must go without brewing tea:
If you want a drink of tea, then you have to go without washing your face.

ON THE TRAIN TO LAEPING

For weeks I've toiled my way on foot.
Today I get to go by train.
They seat me on a heap of coal –
compared with legwork, it's first class.

Palmer Version:

After scores of days travelling wearily on foot
Today we board a train.
Although we have to sit on piles of charcoal
At least this is much better than having to walk!

Huynh Sanh Thong
Hamden, Connecticut

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

image – the hero in his private plane, floating far up in the sky over Manhattan while his voice, very close, murmurs and hums and comments. Dustin Hoffman, as the hero, proves again that you don't absolutely need much personality in order to be an outstanding actor. (Alec Guinness, among others, proved the same thing years ago.) An aging stage aspirant is played by Barbara Harris who, like Jane Fonda, *has* personality.

But it all comes to little. Gardner has omitted to make his hero interesting – sufficiently typical or sufficiently atypical. He seems a contemporary puppet taken off the shelf to represent this and that. No inner tensions are created to replace the deliberate absence of plot tensions, the hero just drifts emptily, and after a while we begin to feel *like* him, instead of *for* him.

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker (Twentieth Century-Fox). Charles Webb, the novelist who wrote *The Graduate*, also wrote the novel on which this picture is based. It's a modestly competent, verbal photograph album of two upper-middle-class young Californians whose marriage is threatened by emptiness proceeding from the husband's job. The tedium is the message. There is horror by the wife at her husband's girl-watching, an incredible reaction in the ultra-mod atmosphere. There are old-timey anti-psychiatry jokes, and there's a cop-out upbeat ending. Cop-out because it's arbitrary, not because it's upbeat.

The screenplay by Lorenzo Semple Jr. mostly uses Webb's dialogue and makes only a few plot changes, especially whooping up the upbeat. The tone of the ending is very much like the inanity at the end of Philip Barry's *Holiday* (1929), where two right-thinking types throw off the shackles of security to face an unknown future with a song in their hearts. The feeling of the end of this film is very early '30s.

Lawrence Turman, who produced *The Graduate*, directed this. He produces better. Joanna Shimkus is the wife, the closest thing to an upright goldfish since Anne Wiazemsky of French films. The husband is Richard Benjamin, so much the smart-ass comic that he spoils whatever clinical point the film might possibly have. In the novel, the dialogue lies appropriately flat on the page. Benjamin, speaking much the same lines, gives them a conscious edge and makes us wonder how such a parlor cut-up would not have known, for instance, that the beach holiday was boring.

There's one good scene, muffed, with a cool sex cat named Tiffany Bolling. If Benjamin hadn't been so anxious to be on top of the scene, if he had played it like the university-bred Woyzeck he is presumably supposed to be, it could have been very funny.

Note. The August 25th *Variety* reports that newspapers in 14 cities have balked at carrying ads for the Nichols-Feiffer film *Carnal Knowledge*. There was no objection to the artwork because the ad had no illustration, or to the copy, which simply announced that the film was opening and quoted some reviews; the papers just didn't like the title. This, sickening as it is, has its funny side, because the phrase "carnal knowledge," says the dictionary, is a "chiefly legal" term for intercourse.

Any bets as to whether these same newspapers carry ads for *The House that Screamed*, *The Incredible Two-headed Transplant*, and *The Love Machine*?

Some of the papers have changed their minds, particularly under threat of increased radio-TV advertising of the Nichols film, but some of those still resisting, according to *Variety*, are the *Buffalo News*, the *Seattle Times*, the *Louisville Courier Journal* and *Louisville Times*, the *Providence Journal* and *Providence Bulletin*.

There are lots of demands on our moral energy these days, and I don't suggest that this matter be moved to the top of your list. But if you live in one of these cities and happen to be passing the newspaper office, you might just vomit on the doorstep.

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PRIESTS AND NUNS, need your help NOW. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, ceaselessly petition VATICAN for HUMAN RIGHTS for same regarding MARRIAGE. Keep this advertisement going. Cost $22.20. The DEW DROP QUARTERLY, 25¢. 15 S. Second St., Haines City, Fla. 33844.

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METROPOLITAN OPERA POSTERS, Nostalgic, Free Brochure, Fiesta, Arts, Inc., Greenvale, N.Y., 11548.

PATRON SOUGHT to help finance engineering-architecture graduate student in five month housing course in Rotterdam. Starts January. New Republic Box #4990.

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HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Enclose $5.00 with uncopied, unlined paragraph. *Alice Hays Spangler*, 4119 Davis Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

HUMANISM: A non-theistic philosophy for persons of goodwill, who appreciate the scientific viewpoint. Free information. American Humanist Association, Dept. NR, 125 El Camino del Mar, San Francisco, California 94121.

FOR RESEARCH ON STUART DAVIS (1894 – 1964), I would like to hear from those having paintings, drawings, prints, correspondence, or other materials relating to the artist. Robert Hunter, Visiting Research Associate, National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., 20560.

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TRANSLATIONS, any language. Michael Pilorget, 3915 Foster Street, Flint, Michigan 48505.

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MUSKIE 72, bumperstickers 4/$1.00, buttons 5/$1.00. MUSKIE, 375 Buena Vista, Bridgeport, Conn. 06604.

BLOW YOURSELF UP! 1½'x2' poster of anyone. Send returned snapshot $3.00. Pierpoint Products, Box 678, Inglewood, Calif. 90307.

MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will forms and attorney's information book. $1.50. Legal Forms Company, Dept. 25, 1830 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

SLEEP-LEARNING; HYPNOTISM! Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24 – NR, Olympia, Washington.

BRAINWAVE FEEDBACK Electroencephalophone. Information 10¢ J&J Enterprises, 8102-R, Bainbridge, Wash. 98110.

Peace Personals

PEACE CHRISTMAS CARDS, 15/$2.75. Samples 50¢. International McClelland, NR, Beverly Hills 90210.

POSTERS (over 300, many anti-war) BUTTONS (over 175) PATCHES, BUMPERSTICKERS & other peace items. Wholesale & retail. Catalogue with pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). A BIG LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, 94103.

"McGOVERN FOR PRESIDENT" Bumperstickers, 5/$1; Buttons, 4/$1; Matchbooks, 50/$1; Emery Boards, 10/$1. McGovern Products, Box 10002, Kansas City, Missouri 64111.

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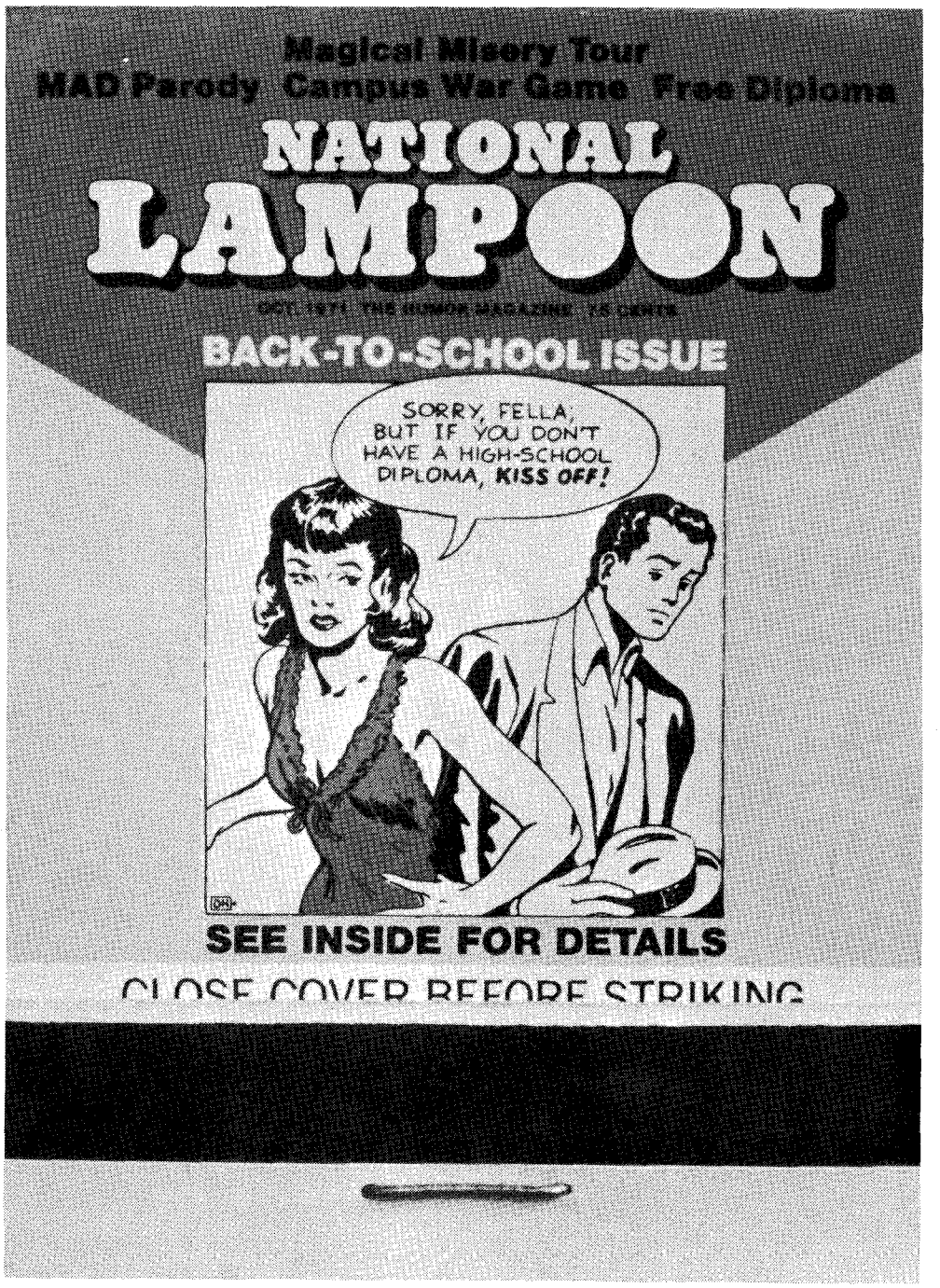
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SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS

This fall, when you and the missus (the former Edna Snell of New Gaza) pack Roger, Susan, Christopher, Shep, and the Thing into the Country Squire for a trip back to Purvis U. for the big game with Evinrude, take along a copy of the October *National Lampoon*. For the 75 cents you would have spent on a football program to find out that Billy Glefson, tight end for the Purveyors, hails from Mofongo, Indiana, and majors in port construction, you'll have something to do during half time when the Asher B. Durand High School Large Drum and Aimless Marching Corps slides into John Philip Sousa's "Bataan Death March" for the fourth time. Just down a couple of cans of Bon Vivant vichysoisse mixed half-and-half with vodka and pull out the Back-to-School issue, and suddenly it won't matter so much that the old Brown and Green made sixteen fumbles and the first wrong-way field goal in college athletic history. You'll be reading a fifteen-page *Mad* parody; "125th Street," the educational TV show where those adorable Muthas, Big Rat and the Cocaine Monster, teach ghetto children their place; "Magical Misery Tour," which records the Beatles' trip to a land where all you need is a lawyer; "The Final Seconds," a gridiron gripper starring those inseparable chums, Moose Nixon and Ruff Mitchell; and "Right On!", the *same* campus war game played for years in army think tanks and radical encounter groups. And much more.

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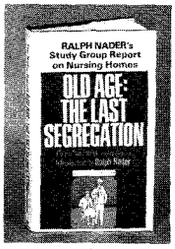

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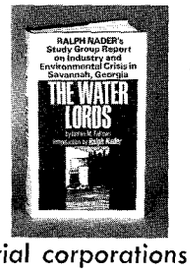

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